

The first part
THE FIRST
parte of the Mirour for
Magistrates, contain-
ing the falles of the first
infortunate Princes
of this lande:
From the coming of Brute
to the incarnation of our
sauour and redemer
Iesu Christe.

Ad Romanos. 13.2.

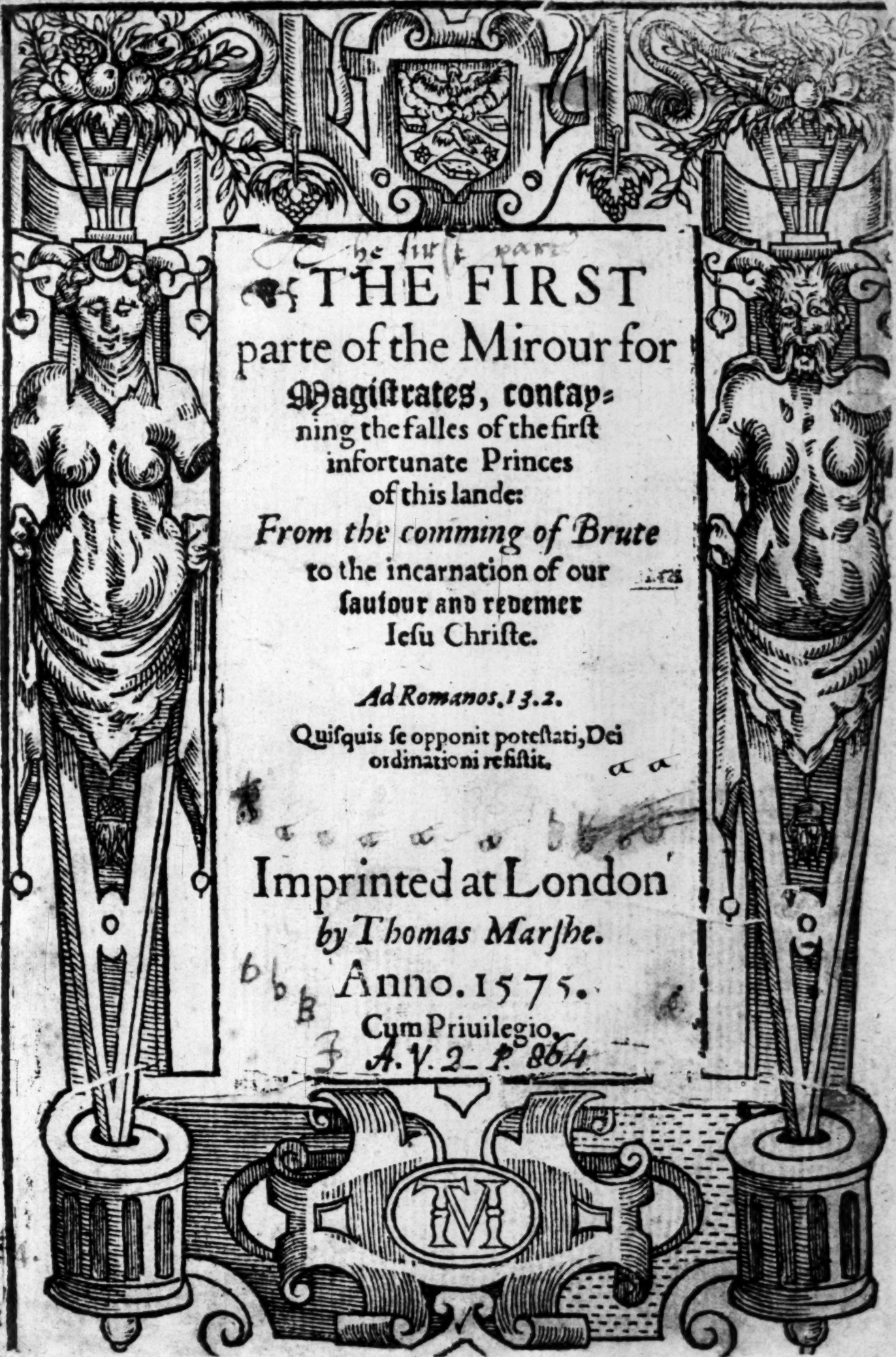
Quisquis se opponit potestati, Dei
ordinationi resistit.

Imprinted at London
by Thomas Marjhe.

b b Anno. 1575.


Cum Priuilegio.

3 A. V. 2. P. 864.



W. Herbert. 1760.

The Contentes of the Booke.

- 1  Lbanact the yongest sonne of Brutus, telles of the finding of this lande, his fathers life, and his owne infortunate fall. Fol. 4
- 2 Humber the king of Hunnes, shewes howe he minding to conquere this lande was drowned, &c. Fol. 15
- 3 Locrinus the eldest sonne of Brutus, declares his slaughter to haue happened for his euill life. Fol. 17
- 4 Elstride the concubine of Locrinus miserably drowned by Guendoline his wife declares hir presumptiō, leude life, and infortunate fall, Fol. 21
- 5 Sabine the base childe of Locrinus telles how she was pitifully drowned by his wife Guendoline in reueng of her fathers adulterye. Fol. 28
- 6 Madan shewes howe for his euill life hee vvas slayne of wvolues. Fol. 32
- 7 Manlius declares how he minding to kil his brother for the kingdome was by him slayne. Fol. 34
- 8 Mempricius giuen all to lust, pleasure and the sinne of Sodomy: telles how he was deuoured of wvolues. Fol. 36
- 9 Bladud reciteth how hee practizing by curious artes to flye, fell and brake his necke. Fol. 40
- 10 Cordila shewes howe by despaire when she was in prison she slewe hir selfe. Fol. 47

The Contentes.

- 11 Morgan telles how he waging warre with his cosin Cor-
nidagus was slaine at the place yet called Glamorgan.
Fol. 54.
- 12 Porrex declares howe hee minding to kill his brother
vvhich ruled with him (that he might thereby raigne
alone) was by him slayne. Fol. 57
- 13 Porrex recites how for the slaughter of his brother hee
was slaine by his owne mother and hir maydens as hee
laye sleeping. Fol. 60
- 14 Kimarus shewes howe for his euill life he was deuoured
by wilde beastes. Fol. 63
- 15 Morindus a bastarde, declares how he was exalted to the
kingdome, waxed cruell, and at last was deuoured by
a monster. Fol. 65
- 16 Nennius a worthy Britaine the very patern of a valiant
noble, and faithfull subiect, encountring with iulius
Cæsar at his first comming into this Islande, vvas by
him death wounded: yet nathelesse hee gate Cæsars
svvorde: put him to flight: slewe therewith Labienus
a Tribune of the Romaines: endured fighte till his
countrymen wan the battayle: died xv. dayes after.
And nowe encourageth all good subiectes to defende
their countrey from the power of forraine and vsur-
ping enemies. Fol. 68
- 17 The tragoedy of Irenglas slayne by Elenine. Fol. 76



Loue and liue,

TO THE NOBILITIE
and all other in office, God graunt
*the increase of wysedome, with all thinges
necessarie for preseruacion of their
estates, Amen.*



Mongst the wise (right
Honorable) whose sentēces (for
the moſte parte) tende either to
teache the attaining of vertue,
or eſchuing of vice: Plotinus
that wonderfull and excellent
Phyloſopher, hath theſe wordes:

The propertie of Temperaunce is to couet nothing Plotin⁹
which maye bee repented: not to exceade the bandes
of meaſure, and to keepe deſire vnder the yooke of
Reason. Whiche ſaying if it were ſo well knowne,
as is needefull: ſo well imbraced, as hee wyſhed, or ſo
ſurely fixed in minde, as it is printed in his woorkes:
then certis manye Chriſtians might by the inſtru-
ction of an Ethnicke Phyloſopher, ſhunne great and
daungerous perils. For to couet without conſidera-
tion: to paſſe the meaſure of his degree: and to lette
will runne at randon, is the onely deſtruction of all
eſtates.

The Epistle.

estates. Else howe were it possible, so many learned, politike, wise, renoumed, valiaunt and victorious personages, might euer haue come to such vtter decaye. Will you that I rehearse Alexander the great, Cæsar, Pompey, Cyrus, Hannibal. &c. Al which (by desire of glorie) felte the rewarde of their immoderate and insatiabable lustes, for if Alexander had ben content with Macedonie, or not ben puffed vp with pride after his triumphes: hee had neuer ben so miserably poysoned: If Cæsar and Pompey had ben satisfied with their victories, and had not fell to ciuill discention, none had not ben slaine in y^e Senate with daggers, the other abroad, by his frendes procurement. If Cyrus had ben pleased with all Persia, and Media, and not thirsted for bloud, he had neuer com to so infortunat a fall. If Hanniball had not so much delited in glory of warfare, his countrey had neither fel in ruine, nor he ben miserably forced to poyson him selfe. But you wil say, desire of fame, glorie, renowne, and immortalitie (to which al mē wel nighe of nature are inclined especially those which excel or haue any singular gift of Fortune or of the body) moued them to such dangerous, great and hardy enterprises, which I must needs confesse as an infallible veritie: but for so much as the aboue named vertue by Plotinus his iudgemēt hath such excellent properties, it is so fit in a Magistrate,

Qu. Curtius.

Iustinus.
lib. 1.

Plutarchus.
Liuius.
Polybius.

The Epistle.

strate, that I surely deme those Princes aboue specified (considering their factes, estates, fortunes, fame and exploytes) had neuer come to suche ende, but for wante of temperance. Yet sithe there are three other Cardinall vertues whiche are requisite in him that should be in authoritie: that is to saye, Prudence, Iustice, and Fortitude, which so wōderfully adorne and beautifie all estates, (if Temperaunce bee with them adioyned that they moue the very enemies with admiration to praise thē) some peradventure as affection leades: will commend one, some another. Yea, and though Aristotle prince of Phylosophers name Prudence, The mother of vertues. And Cicero define hir the knowledge of thinges which ought to be desired and followed: and also of them which ought to be fled and eschewed, yet shall you finde that for wante of Temperaunce, those whiche were counted the wisest that euer were, fel into wonderfull reproche and infamie. Yea and though Iustice that incomparable vertue, as the auncient Ciuilians define hir, be a perpetuall and constant will which geueth to euery man his right. Yet if she be not constant, which is the gift of fortitude, nor equal in discerning right from wrong, wherin is prudence: nor vse proportion in iudgement and sentence which pertaineth to temperaunce, shee can neuer be called equitie or iustice, but fraude, de-

Aristot.
Cicero.
Prudence

Iustice.

The Epistle.

Fortitude
Cicero.


ceate, in iustice, and iniurie. And to speake of Fortitude which Cicero definith, A considerate vnder-taking of perils, and enduring of labours. If hee whom we suppose stoute, valiaunt, and of good courage, want Prudence, Iustice, or Temperaunce, he is not counted bolde, manly and constant, but made beastly and desperate. I will also sith I haue gone so farre with the vertues (and the place so vrgeth) lastly set downe the definition of Temperaunce, according to Cicero his opinion, Temperaunce (saith he) is of reason in lust and other euil assaults of y^e minde, a sure and moderate dominion and rule. This noble vertue hath three partes, that is cōtinence, clemēcie and modestie, which well and wisely obserued and kept (if grace be to the adioyned) it is impossible for him that is endued with the aboue named vertues euer to fall into the vnfortunate snares of calamitie or misfortune. But Ambition which is an immoderate desire of honore, rule, dominiō, and superioritie. (the very destructiō of nobilitie, and commune weales: as among the Romans Silla, Marius, Carbo, Cinna, Cateline, Pompey, and Cesar, are witnesses) hath brought great decay also to our countrey, and countreyemen. which Maister Baldwin hath so learnedly touched in his Epistle of the other volume of this booke, that I nede not therewith deale any further. Onely I would to God it were

So oft

The Epistle.

So oftē read and regarded of all Magistrates as the matter requireth. I haue here (right honorable) in this booke (which I am so bold to dedicate to your honors) only reprobued folly in those which are heedelesse: iniurie in extortioners, rashnes in v̄eterers, and excessse in such as suppressē not vnruly affections. And I trust you will so thinke of it (although the style deserue not like commendation) as you thought of the other part: which if you shall, I doubt not but it may pleasure some, if not, yet giue occasiō to others which can do farre better, either with eloquence to amend that is amisse in mine, or else when they see these so rudely pendē, to publish their own. And thus wishing you Prudence to discernē what is meete for your callings. Iustice in the administrations of your functiōs, Fortitude in the defence of your countrey. and Temperance in moderation of all your affections, with increase of honors and euerlasting felicitie, I bid you in Christe Iesu farewell.

Your humble Iohn
Higgins.

 Your humble Iohn Higgins

I. Higgins to the Reader.



Wongst diuers & sondry Chronicles of many Nations, I thinke there are none (gentle Reader) so vncertaine & brief in þ beginning as ours, at which I cannot but maruaile, sith at all tymes our Islande had as learned wyters (some singuler men excepted) as any Nation vnder þ Sunne. Againe, those which now are our best Chronicles as they report, haue great Antiquities, but what they publish of late yeares may be enlarged in many places by Chronicles of other Nations: whereby it is manifest they are either ignorant of the tongues, or els not giuen to þ studie of þ which they most professe. For if they were, methinks it were easie for them w such Antiquities as they brag they haue, to fetch our Histories from the beginning, & make them as ample as the Chronicles of any other Countrey or Nation. But they are faine in neede of other stuffe to talke of þ Romans, Greekes, Persians, &c. and to fill our Histories with their facts & fables. This I speake not to þ end I wold haue ours quite separte from other without any mention of them, but I would haue them there only named where th' affaires of both countries by warre, peace, truce, marriage, traffique or some necessary cause or other is intermixed. I haue seen no auncient antiquities in writtē hand but two, one was Galfridus of Munmouth, which I lost by misfortune, the other an old Chronicle in a kind of Englishe Verse, beginning at Brute, and ending at the death of Humfrey Duke of Gloucester, in the which and diuers other good Chronicles I finde many thinges not mentioned in that great tome engroced of late by Maister Grafton, and that where he is most barraine and wantes matter. But as the greatest heades, the grayest hayres, and best clarkes haue not most wyte, so the greatest Bookes, titles and Tomes contayne not most matter. And this haue I spoken because in wytyng the Tragedies of the first infortunate Princes of this Isle, I was often fayne to blesse mine

To the Reader.

mine owne simple inuentiō, yet not swaruing from the matter) because the Chronicles (although they went out vnder diuers mens names) in some suche places as I moste needed their ayde wrote one thing: and that so bziessly that a whole Princes raignt, life and death, was comprysed in thre lines. Yea and sometimes mine olde booke aboue mentioned holpe mee out when the rest forsoke mee, as for Lanquet, Stowe, and Grafton, were alwayes nighe of one opinion, but the Flour of Histories somewhat larger. Some helpe had I of an olde Chronicle imprinted the yere 1515. But surely me thinkes and so do most which delite in histories, it were worthely done if one Chronicle wer drawne from the beginning in such perfect sort, that al monuments of vertuous men (to the exalting of Gods glory) and all punishments of vicious persons (to the terrour of the wicked) might be registred in perpetuall remembrance. To which thing the right reuerende father in God Matthew Archbishop of Canterbury, and Metropolitane of Englande, hath brought such ayde as wel by printing as preserving the written Chronicles of this Realme, that by his Graces studie and paynes, the labour in tyme to come, wilbe farre more easy to them that shall take such trauayle in hand. But to leaue with these, and declare the cause of my purpose. As I chanced to reade the Mirour for Magistrates, a worke by all men wonderfully commended, and full of fitt instructions for preservation of eche estate: taking in hand the Chronicles, and minding to conferre the times: mee thoughte the liues of a number euen at the beginning, the like infortunate Princes, offered themselves vnto mee as matter very meete for imitation the like admonition, miter and phrase, and seing Baldwine by these wordes moued mee somewhat thereto: It were (saith hee) a goodly and a notable matter to searche and discourse our whole storye from the beginning of the inhabiting of this Isle, &c. I read the storyes, I considered of the Princes, I noted their liues, and therewith conferred their deathes. On this I tooke penne in hande, minding nothing lesse

I. Higgins to the Reader.



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To the Reader.

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To the Reader.

lesse then to publishe them abroad: but onely to trye what I
could do if neede were of time and leasure were giuen mee to
bestowe in such wyse. I wrote the twoo first even as they now
are, and because I would not kepe secrete my first labours in
this kinde of study (though I might well haue blushed at the
basenes of my style) I shewed them to a friend of myne, desi-
ring his vnfaigned iudgement in this matter: which when he
had read, he neuer left increating me to wyte other, til I had
ended all to the byrth of CHRIST, and yet not so content:
he desired mee t'accomplish the residue til I came to the Con-
quest, (which were welnighe fiftie Tragedies) but wearied
with those which I had witten, I desired him pause on this,
till tyme and leasure were giuen mee. Yet hee making rela-
tion to other his frendes what I had done, left mee not quiet
till they likewise had seene them. Whose perswasion, as it
seemed without any suspitiō of assentation or flattery, so hath
it made mee bolder at this present then before, Although
(sayd they) your Tragœdies be simple and not comparable to
those which the other before haue written: yet when men
consider that many wrote those, but one these: that they are
grauē writers, you are but yong: the perfection of those sto-
ries, and th'imperfection of these. Finally the good wil you
beare to your country, the commendation of vertue, the de-
testatiō of vice, the fal of ambition, the horrible end of tray-
tours, harlots, tyrauntes, adulterers, enchaūters, murderers,
and such like. V When men (said they) consider these things,
they can not (how) simple soeuer your Verse bee) but thinke
well of the matter. At length with these perswasions and
sucbe like, I was contente (good Reader) to publishe them
for thy behoufe, and the publique weale of my countrye. As
which if thou enuie: I minde not therefore to enuie my selfe
and staye my penne: but God willing thou shalt as fast as I
can prepare them, haue other Bookes from my handes which
maye please thee againe, and thus with all my harte I bidde
thee hartely Farewell.

Thy friende I. H.

A Sommer sweete with all hir pleasures past,
 And leaues began, to leaue both braunch and tree,
V While winter cold approched neere full faste,
 Mee thought the time, to sadnes moued mee.
 On drouping daies, not half such mirth haue wee:
 As when the time of yeare and wether-s fayre,
 So moue our mindes, as mocions moue the ayre.

The wearye nightes, approched on apace
V With darke som shades, which somewhat breedeth care,
 The Sun hath take more neare the earth his race,
 In libra than, his greatest swinge he bare,
 For pardy then, the daies more colder are,
 Then fades the greene fruite timely, herbes are don,
 And wynter ginnes to waste that Sommer won,

I deemde some booke, of mourning theame was beste
 To reade, wherwith instructions mingled so,
 As migh againe, refresh my wittes oppreste
V With tediousnes not driue mee quyte therfro:
V Wherefore I went the Printers straight vnto,
 To seeke some worke of price I surely mente,
 That might herein my carefull mynde contente.

At length by hap, I founde a booke so sad,
 As time of yeare or wynter could require,
 The Mirroure namde, for Magistrates he had
 So finely pende, as harte could well desire,
V Which when I read, so set my harte on fire,
 Eftsones it mee constrainde to take the payne
 Not leaue with once, to reade it once agayne.

A.

And

The Authors induction.

And as againe, I vewed this worke with heede,
And marked playne ech party tell his fall
Me thoughte in mynde, I sawe those men in deede:
Eke howe they came, in order pleading all,
Declaring wel, this life is but a thrall:
Sithe thof on whom, for Fortunes giftes we stare,
Ofte sooniste sinke in greatest seas of care.

For some of these were Kings of high estate:
And some were Dukes, and came of Regal race:
Some Princes, Lordes and Iudges great that sate
In counsell stil, decreing euery case:
Some other knights, that vices did imbrace:
Some Gentlemen, some pore that looked hye,
Yet euery one had playde his tragœdy.

A Mirroure well it may be calde a glasse,
More cleare then any cristall vnder Sun.
In each respect, the Tragœdies so passe,
Their names shall lyue, that such a worke begun:
For why with such Decorum is it don:
That Momus spight, which more then Argus eyes
Can neuer wathe to kepe it from the wise.

Examples here, for all estates you finde,
For iudge (I say) what Iustice he should vse:
Thenoble man to beare a noble mynde,
And not himselfe ambitiously abuse:
The gentleman vngentlenes refuse:
The riche, and poore: and euery one may see,
VVhich way to loue and liue in his degree.

Me

Methinkes they might beware by others harme,
 And eke eschue to clammer vp so hye:
 Yet cursed pryde doth all their wittes becharme,
 They thinke of naught, but prouerbes true do try:
 VWho hewes aloft the chips may hurt his eye.
 VWho climes the tops of trees, wher bows ar smal,
 Or hawty towers, may quickly catch a fal.

This thing full wel doth Phatèons fall declare,
 And Icarus aloft would flie and soare:
 Eke Bladud once of Britayne rule that bare,
 VWould clyme and flye, but eache did fal therfore
 For Phaëton was with lightning al to tore:
 And Icarus the meane that did not recke
 VWas drownd, by fal did Bladud breake his neck,

The scriptures eake of such beare witnes can:
 As Babilon for high presumption fell.
 But let me ende my tale that I began
 VVhan I had red these Tragoedies ful wel
 And past the night with labours long to tel:
 One night at last I thought to leaue my vse,
 And take some ease before I chaungde my muse.

VVherfore away from reading I me'gate:
 My heauy head waxte dull for want of rest.
 I layd me downe the nighr was waxed late
 For lacke of slepe my ne eyes were fore oprest.
 Yet fancy stil of all their deathes increaste:
 Me thought nothing my mind frō thē could take
 So long as Somnus suffred me to wake.

Aii.

Then

The Authors induction.

Then straight appeared in purple colour blacke,
Sweete Somnus reſte, which comfortes ech alie.
By eaſe of mynde that weares away all wracke,
Tat noyſome night from wery wittes doth drie,
O labours long the pleaſures wee atchieue,
Vſherat I loyde ſithe after paynes were paſt,
I might receiue by Somnus eaſe at laſt,

But hee by whom I thought my ſelfe at reſt.
Reuiued all my fancies ſonde before,
I more deſirous humbly did requeſt,
Hym ſhew th'vnhappy princes were of yore,
For wel I wiſte that he could tell mee more,
Sythe vnto diuers Somnus erſte had tolde,
VVhat thinges were done in elder times of olde.

At length hee forth his ſeruaunt Morpheus calde,
And bad him ſhewe mee from the firſt to th, ende,
Such perſones as in Britayne Fortune thralde.
VVhich ſtraight vpon his calling did attende,
And thus hee ſpake with cōtenaunce of frende,
“ Come on ihy wayes and thou ſhalt ſee and here,
“ The Brytaynes and their doings what they were.

And as he led me through the darkes a while,
At length wee came into a goodly hall,
At th, ende wherof there ſeemde a duſkiſh Ile:
Out of the which hee gan the Britaynes call,
Such only as from Fortunes hap did fall:
VVhich when he called thryce, me ſeemde to heare,
The doores to cracke from whence they ſhould appeare.

And

The Authours induction Fol. 3

And thryce I shrinkte aside, and shund the sight:
And threetyces thryce I wishtemy selfeavvay:
Eke thryce from thēce there flevv a flashe of light:
Three times I savve thē cōming make their staye:
At laste they all approchte in such array:
VVith sundrie shevves, appearing vnto mee,
A straunger fighte, then erste vvith eyes I see.

18

Men mighty bigge, in plaine and straunge attyre:
But some with wōds and bloud were so disguisde,
You scarcely could vvith reasons ayde aspire,
To knowv vvhat vvarre such cruell death deuisde.
But sithe I haue their formes beneath comprisde,
VVheras their stories seuerally I shovve,
Your selfe therby their cause of death may knowv.

19

And eke their faces all and bodies vvere
Destaind with woade, and turkish beards they had
On th'ouerlippes mutchatoes long of heyre:
And wyeld they seemde as men dispeiring mad,
Their lookes did make my fearful hartefull sad,
And yet I could not for my life eschevve
Their presence, ere their mindes I likewise knewe.

20

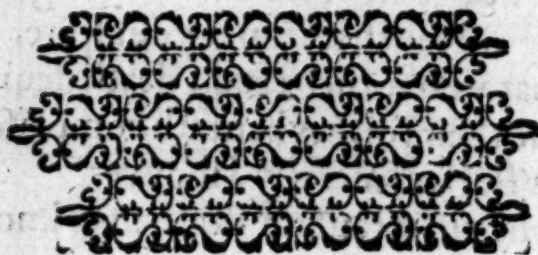
For Morpheus vvilde me byde, and bad them tell
Their names and liues: their haps and haples days:
And by vvhat meanes frō fortunes globe they fel,
VVhich did them erste vnto such honours rayse,
VVhervvith the first not making moe delayes,
A person tall vvide vvoundes in breste that bare:
Drevv neere to tell the cause of all his care.

A ity


And

The Tragoedie.

And as to speake he wiste he might be bolde,
Deepe from his breaste, hee threwe an vncouth sounde:
I was amasde his gestures to beholde:
And bloud that freshly trickled from his wounde:
VVith Eccho so did halfe his woordes rebounde,
That scarce at first the sense might well appeare:
But thus me thought he spake as you shall heare.





 Albanacte the yongest sonne of
Brutus telles of the finding of this lande, his
fathers life, and his owne infortunate fall, He
liued about the yere before Christe.

1074.



Thy flattering Fortune slyely could beguyle
Me first, of all the Princes of this lande:
And yet at first on me did sweetely smyle:
Do marke me here that first in presence stande,
And whē thou wel my wofulde corpe hast scande,

Then shalt thou see, what tale I mynde to frame,
In stozies called Albanacte by name.

So if thou like to heare what I recite,
If thou intende to shewe my fatall fall:
I praye thee take the paynes my tale to wryte,
As I in order here repeate it shall,
What needst thou muse? thou needst not feare at all:
Synth those that later liude their tales haue tolde,
Our elder liues to wryte thou mayst be bolde,

Lay dreade aside, let nothing thee amaze:
Ne haue dispaire of so vncouched ryme.
Leaue of on mee with fearefull looker to gaze:
Thy pen may serue for such a tale as myne.
First will I tell thee all my fathers Lyne:
Then hitherwarde why he with Troianes mand
His voyage made, and founde this noble land.

A iiii

And

The Tragœdie.

And last I minde to tell thee of my selfe,
My life and death, a Tragedie so true,
As may approue your world is all but pelfe,
And pleasures sweete whom sorowes aye ensue:
Hereafter eke in order coms a crue,
Which can declare, of worldly pleasures baine,
The price we all haue bought, with greuous paine.

Well nowe I see thou puttst apart thy fright,
(And giuste an eare to heare not heard before)
I will declare the storie all so right,
Thou shalt no whit haue neede t'inquire no more.
Do marke me well what I recite therefore,
And after write it and therewith my name:
Let hardly me receiue if ought be blame.

When Troy was sackt, & bzent and could not stand,
Aeneas fled from thence, Anchises sonne,
And came at length to king Latinus lande,
He Turnus slewe, Lauinia eke he wonne,
And reignde .iii. yeares, Ascanius then his sonne,
Reignde next to him, eke Siluius was his heyre,
begate my father of a Lady fayre.

But when as Brutus fiftene yeares was olde,
(For so they calde my father by his name)
With Siluius then an hunting goe he would,
And thinking for to strike in chace the game,
His father that by chaunce beyonde it came
Receiue the glaunce, and through his tender syde
With deadly dint, the shaft did swiftly slide.

So though

So though by chaunce, my father Brutus slewe
 My graundsyre Siluius, soe against his will:
 Which came by chaunce as he his arrow dreyne,
 That thought the fearfull Warre, not him to kill:
 Yet was he banisht from Italia still:
 Commaunded neuer to retourne no moze,
 Except he would his life to leese therefore.

On this to Greece, from thence he tooke his waye:
 Where Troians were by Grecians captiues kept.
 Helenus was by Pirrhys brought awaye,
 Fro death of those, whose fall their friends bewept,
 My father all this while no busines slepte:
 But by his facts, and feats obtainde such fame:
 Seven thousand captiue Troians to him came.

Assaracus a noble Grecian eke,
 Who by his mother came of Troiane race:
 Because he sawe my fathers powre not weke,
 Came vnto him to ayde him in this case:
 For that his brother thought him to deface,
 Which was a Greeke by both his parents sydes,
 His Castels thre my father Brutus guides.

Thus hee, to be their captaine was content:
 And all the Troians gathered to his bande,
 His post vnto the Grecian king he sent,
 For to entreate he might depart his lande.
 Which when king Pandrasus did vnderstande,
 An armie straight he did therefore addresse,
 On purpose all the Troianes to suppress.

Then

The Tragœdie

Then whyle king Pandrasus at Spartine towne,
Thought them in desertes by, to circumuente:
My father with thzee thousand beate them downe:
Such fauoure loe him lady Fortune lente.
By Mars his force, their rayes & ranckes he rente:
And tooke Antigonus the brother of their king,
With others mo, as captiues home to bzing.

The taken towne, from which the king was fled
My father with fixe hundred men did man:
Eche prisner was unto his keper led,
To kepe in towne, the noble Troianes wan:
My father into woods conueyde him than
Again with his, and kepte him there by nighte,
To quai'e the Grecians if they came to fighte.

And when the king had calde to mynde his foyle:
His flighte, and brother by the Troianes take:
The towne he losse, and Brutus had the spoyle:
He thought not so, the field and fight forlake,
But of his men a muster newe to make:
And so agayne for to besiege the towne,
In hope reuenge, or winne his losse renoune.

By night my father that his purpose knewe,
Came forth from woods where as he wayted by:
The Troianes all th'unarmed Grecians slewe,
Wher thzough their cāpe, could none their force deny
Unto the tente where Pandrasus did lye:
There as my father tooke their king that nighte,
And laude his life as seemde a worthy wight.

Which

Which victorie when he had wisely won
 The Troiane victour did a counsaile call,
 To knowe what best were with the king be don:
 Now tell. (o he) what ransom aske we shall:
 On which when none agreed scarce of all,
 At leng the Mempricius by from seate did ryse
 And silence made, gaue thus his counsaile wyse.

cc I cannot Troianes but commend the acte,
 cc Of this our noble captaine worthy praise:
 cc Which thought, as t'was a wicked heynous acte
 cc T'abridge the Grecian king of bitall dayes.
 cc Wee rather ought by clemency to rayse
 cc Our fame to sky, then by a sauage guyse,
 cc Sith Gods and men, both cruelty despise.

cc The cause we fought: was for the freedome all
 cc Of Troianes taken, we haue freedome won.
 cc Wee haue our purpose, and their king withall,
 cc To whom of rigour nothing ought be don:
 cc Though he the quarell with vs first begon:
 cc And though we owe the fall of Troyes requite:
 cc Yet let reuenge therof from Gods to light.

cc His subiectes all, do wayle their ill pretence,
 cc And weapons layde asyde for mercy crye:
 cc They all cōfesse their plagues to come fco thence,
 cc Where first from faith of Gods they seemde to flye,
 cc Their nobles dare not come the case to trie:
 cc But euen for peace with all their hartes they sue,
 cc And meekly graunt, whence al their mischises grewe.

The

The Tragœdie

cc The Lady faire his daughter who surmountes,
cc For vertues rare : for bewty braue, and grace,
cc Both Helene fine, of whom they made accountes,
cc And all the reste that come of Grecian race.
cc She for her father sues, be wayles his case,
cc And by hir wisdom, cheere and parentes loue :
cc Doth vs, and Brutus both to pitie moue.

cc Yet some will saye, he should depriued bee
cc Of kingdome quite, and worthy Brutus should
cc Receiue the scepter, this misliketh mee.
cc To this vniustice Brutus if we could
cc Consent (I deeme) agree he neuer would,
cc So much him selfe ambitiously t'abuse:
cc Or else a king vnkindly so to vse.

cc For kingdomes sake a king at home to kill
cc Were farre to bad, within his natiue lande:
cc Though he by right or wrong directed still,
cc His force gainst vs, that did him so withstande:
cc The king hath therfore ay the sworde in hand,
cc If any kicke against his pointes of lawe:
cc To cut them of, or keepe them vnder awe.

cc 'Tis best O Brutus if thou like her, take
cc His daughter Innogen vnto thy wyfe:
cc And let the king a dowry large hir make:
cc Gold, syluer, shippes, and corne for our reliefe:
cc With other thinges whereof this lande is rife:
cc That wee so fraught may seeke some desert shore,
cc Where wee and ours, may raigne for euermore.

This

Of Albanacte . Fol.7

This please both Brutus and the Troianes all
Who wild forthwith that Pandrasus the kinge
Should reverently be brought into the hall,
And present, when they tolde him of this thing,
Great grieve and sorowe did his harte so sting,
He could not shewe, by countenance or chere,
That hee it like, but spake as you shal heare.

“ Sith that the hateful Gods haue yelved mee
“ And eke my brother captives to your handes,
“ I am content to bee as please th yee,
“ For feare I lesse both life and goodes and landes,
“ I must bee nedes content as Fortune standes
“ I giue my daughter, golde and spluer fine
“ With what for dowry else you craue is myne.

To make my tale the shorter if I maye
My father then was married by and by,
And all thinges else performed by a daye:
The kinge restore that did in pryson lye:
The Troianes parted from the shores parry
Dyd hoyle by sayles: in twoo daies and a night
Upon the Ile of Leogrecc they light.

And leauing of their shippes at roade, to land,
They wandering went the countrey for to bewe,
Lo there a desert citie olde they fande:
And eke a temple (if repozte be true)
Wherin Diana to such credit grewe:
That sacrifice the Troianes counsaile gaue
My father make, an aunswere for to haue.

And he

The tragedy.

And he no whit misliking their aduice
Went forth: and did before the alter holde
In his right hand, a cup to sacrifice
Fild with wine; and whyte Hindes bloud scarce cold:
And then before his statute straight he tolde
Deuoutly al his whole petition there,
In better sorte then I reapeate it here.

“ O Goddesse great in groanes that puttst, wyld boares in fearefull feare
“ And mayste go all the compas pathes, of euery appie sphere.
“ Eke of th’ infernall houses to, resolu the earthly rightes:
“ And tell what countrey in to dwell thou gyfte vs Troian wightes.
“ Assigne a certaine seate where I, shall worshi, thee for aye:
“ And where repleate with virgins, I erecte thy temples may.

When nyne tymes he had spoken this, and went
Fowre tymes the alter rounde and stayde agen
He powde the wyne and bloud in hand he hente
Into the fyre, O witlesse cares of men.
Suche folie mete, and blindnes great was then:
But if religion nowe biides toyes fare well,
Embrace thats good, the vice of time I tell.

He layde him then downe by the alters syde
Upon the whyte Hindes skin espred therfore:
It was the third howre of the night a tyde
Of sweetest slepe: he gaue himselfe the more
To rest and slepe: then seemed him before
Diana chaste the Goddesse to appeare,
And spake to him these wordes that you shal heare.

O Bru

Of Albanace. Fol.8

"O Brite farre vnder Phœbus sal, beynd of Fraunce that raigne
"In Ilande in the Ocean is, with sea tis compasse mayne.
"In Ilande in the Ocean is, where Giauntes once did dwell:
"And now a deserte place thats fit, will serue thy people well.
"To this direct thy race, for there shalbe thy seate for aye:
"And to thy sonns there shalbe builde, another stately trope.
"Here of thy progenye and stocke, shall mighty kings descende:
"And vnto them as subiecte, all the worlde shal bow and vende:

On this he woke, with ioyful chere and tolde
The vision all: and aunswere that it gaue.
So it reioyste their hartes a thousand folde
To shippes they gotte, away the shozes they draue:
And boyling sayles, for happy wyndes they craue:
In thirty dayes their voyage so they dyght:
That on the coaste of Affrica they light.

Then to Philænes alters they ataynde,
For so men cal two hilles erectid are
In Tunise land, two brethren ground that gainde
For Carthage once, and wente tis sayd to far
On Siren ground for boundes, there buried wer:
Because they would not turne againe but strue
With Cyren men, they buried them aliue.

From thence they sayled vnto Salines lake:
Twene Azaræ hilles, and Ruscitadam
They passe, from thence to Maluæ floud they gates:
To Hercules his pillars sight they came:
And then to Tuscan sea whereas by fame
Not far from shoze, like minded mates they finde,
Foure banishte races of the Troian kinde.

Compi.

The tragedy.

Companions of Antenor in his flight,
But Corinæus was their captain than,
For counsaile calde a wyse and worthy wyght:
In warres the prayse for valiauntnes he wan.
My father did so frendely vse this man,
He was content and all his men beside:
To trie adventures by my fathers guyde.

Then vnto Guyne in Fraunce they seyled thence,
And at the hauens of Loire they did arriue:
To bewte the countrey was their whole pretence,
And vitayles for their men and chein archiue,
Eke Corinæus lesse the Galles shoulde strive,
Led forth twoo hundred of his warlike bande.
To get prouision to the shippes from Land.

But when the king Gofarius heard of this,
That Troianes were arriued on his shore:
With Frenchmen & with Guines their power & his
He came to take the pray they gat before,
And when they met they fought it both full sore:
Till Corinæus rushte into their bande,
And causde them flye, they durst no longer stande.

First might you there see harts of Frenchmen broke,
Twoo hundred Troianes gaue them all the spoyle:
At home with oddes they durst not byde the stroke,
Fewe Troianes beate them in their native soyle.
Eke Corinæus followed in this byle
So faste vpon his foes before his men:
That they retourned & thought to spoyle him then.

There

There he alone against them all, and they
 Against him one, with all their force did fight,
 At last by chance his sword was flowne away
 By Fortune on an halberde then he light,
 Which he did drite about him with such might,
 That some their hands, & some their arms did leese,
 Some legges, of some the head from shoulders flees.

As thus amongst them all he fought with force,
 And Fortune great in daunger of his life,
 My father had on him therewith remorce:
 Came with a troupe of men to ende the strife,
 When Frenchmen sawe the Troians force so rise,
 They fled away, vnto their losse and paine,
 In fight and flight nighe all their host was slaine.

And in that broyle saue Corinzus none
 Did fight so fearcelly, as did Turnus then,
 My fathers cosin with his sword alone,
 Did sleie that time welnigh sixe hundred men:
 They found him dead as they retourned agen,
 Amongst the Frenchmen, wounded boide of breath,
 Which pinchd my fathers hart as pangs of death.

On this they bode a while reuenge to yelde
 And to interre the dead, and Turnus slaine,
 They tooke a towne not farre from place of feld,
 And built it strong to bere the Galles againe:
 The name they gaue it still doth yet remayne,
 Sith there they buried Turnus yet men call
 It Tours, and name the folke Turones all.

The Tragoedye

Which towne they left at last with Troians mande
When as their ships were storde wth what they nede:
A boorde, they hopste by sayles and left the lande,
By ayding windes they cut the seas with speede.
At length the shining Albion clyues did feede,
Their gazing eyes, by meanes wherof they fande,
Out Tornos hauē, and tooke this promise lande.

The countrie seemed pleasaunt at the betwe,
And was by none inhabited as yet:
But certaine Giautes whom they did pursue,
Which straight to caues in mountains did the get.
So fine were woods, & floudes, and fountaines let:
My father had no cause but like it well,
And gaue his Souldiers places into dwell.

And then this Ile that Albion had to name,
My father caused Britayne called bee:
And eke the people Britaynes of the same:
As yet in auncient recordes is to see.
To Corinæus gaue hee franke and free,
The lande of Cornwall, for his seruice don,
And for because from Giautes he it won.

Then such our Troiane stock came first from Troy,
My father thought that dutie did him bynde,
Such Fortune thus had saude him from anoye,
The auncient towne againe to call to minde.
He builde new Troye, and Troian lawes assignde,
Whereby his stocke to his eternall fame:
Might keepe of Troye the euertlasting name.

And

And settled there, in perfecte peace and reſſe,
 Deuoyde of warre, of labour, ſtriſe or payne:
 Then eke my mother, all his ioyes encrease,
 A Prince ſhe bare and after other twayne:
 Was neuer king, of childrener ſle ſo fayne,
 Thre ſonnes becauſe of Innogen he gate:
 Locrinus, Camber, laſt me Albanacte.

Thus hauing wealthe, and eke the world at will,
 Noꝝ wanting ought that might his minde content:
 To increaſe his power with wightes of warlike ſkill,
 Was all his minde his purpoſe and intent.
 Whereby if foes, inuaſion after ment,
 The Britaynes might not feare of ſozaine landes:
 But keepe by ſight, poſſeſſions in their handes.

Then when his people once perceaued his mynde,
 (As what the Prince doth often moſt embrace,
 To that the ſubiectes all, are ſtraight inclinde:
 And reuerence ſtill, in eache reſpecte his grace)
 They gat in warre ſuch knowledge in ſhoꝝt ſpace,
 That after they their force to trie begon:
 They carde foꝝ nought by wit or wight not won.

They got of Giances moſt ſtaines whence they came,
 And woods fro whence they oft made wiſe they wold
 Deſtroy and kill, when voyage out they framde
 Or ſhe wde themſelues, in banding ouer bold:
 Then ſtraight the Britaynes, gladder then of gold
 Were redy ſtill, to fight at euery call:
 Till time they had extincte, the monſters all.

The Tragoedye

Whereby the king had cause to take delight,
And might be holde the lesse to feare his foes:
Perdie eche Prince may recke his enemies spite,
Thereafter as his force in fight he knowes:
A Princely hart the liberall giftes disclose.
He gaue to eche such guerdons for their facts,
As might them onely moue to noble actes.

No labours great his subiects then refuse,
Nor trauailes that might like his regall minde,
But eche of them such exercise well vsue,
Wherein was praise or glorie great to finde:
And to their liege bare faithfull hartes so kinde,
That what he wold they all obeyde his beste,
Nought els was currant, but the kings request.

What Prince a liue might more reioyce then hee?
Had faithfull men so valiaunt bolde and stout,
What pleasure more on earth could lightly bee?
Then winne an Ile and liue deuoyde of doubt:
An Ile said It: nay namde the worlde throughout
An other worlde, sich Sea doth it deuide
From th'earth, that wants not all þ world beside.

What subiects eke more happie were then these?
Had such a king of such a noble hart,
And such a lande enioyde and liude at ease,
Whereof eche man almost might chose his part:
No feare of foes, vnknown was treasons arte,
No faining friends, no sawning Onatoes skill:
No Thrales bzags, but bearing eche good will.

But

But as each Sommer once receiues an end,
 And as no state, can stable stande for aye:
 As course of time doth cause things home and hende,
 As euery pleasure, hath his ending daye:
 As will, can neuer passe the power of maye:
 Euen so my father happy dayes that spent,
 Perceaude he must by sicknesse laste relent.

As doth the shipman well foresee the storme,
 And knowes what danger lyes in sytes of sande:
 Eke as the husbandman prouides befoze,
 When he perceaues the wynter colde at hande:
 Euen so the wise, that course of thinges haue scande,
 Can well the ende of sicknes great presage,
 When it is ioyned with yeares of slooping age.

His counsayle all and mee assembled were,
 To bid vs hie, or haste there was no nede:
 Wee went with them, this newes vs caused feare
 Sith so he sent, he was not well in dede,
 And when we all approcht to him with speede:
 To soone alas, his grace right like we founde,
 And him saluted as our duty bounde.

And casting of his doulfull eyes asyde,
 Not able well to meue his painfull head:
 As silent we with teares his minde abyde,
 He wild himselfe be reard in his bed:
 Which done with sight of vs his eyes he fed,
 Eke pawling so a while for breath he stayde:
 At length to them, and vs thus wyse he sayde.

The Tragœdie.

" No marueyle saue, though you herewith be sad;
 " You noble Britaynes, for your Brutus sake:
 " Sith whilome me your captain floute you had,
 " That nowe my leaue and last farewell must take:
 " Thus nature willes me once an ende to make:
 " And leaue you here behinde, which after mee,
 " Shall come as I departe before you see.

" You wot wherefore I with the Grecians foughte,
 " With dint of sword I made their force to flye:
 " Antenors frendes on Tuscan shores I soughte,
 " And did you not my promise lande denie:
 " By Martiall powre I made the Frenchmen flye,
 " Where you to saue I loste my faithfull frende:
 " For you, at Tours my Turnus tooke his ende.

" I neede not now, recite what loue I bare,
 " My frendship you I truste haue found so well:
 " That none amongste you all which present are,
 " With teares doth not record the tale I tell.
 " Eke whom I founde for vertues to excell,
 " To them I gaue the price therof as due:
 " As they deserue, whose sacres I founde so true.

" Now must I proue, if paynes were well bestowde,
 " Or if I spente my gratefull giftes in vayne:
 " Or if these great good turnes to you I owde,
 " And might not aske your loyall loues againe.
 " Which if I wist what tonge could tell my paine,
 " I meane if you vngratefull mindes do beare:
 " What meaneth death, to let me linger here.

cc For if you shall abuse your Prince in this,
 cc The Goddess on you for such an heynous facte,
 cc To take reuenge be sure will neuer misse:
 cc And then to late you will repent the acte,
 cc When all my realme & all your welthes are sackte,
 cc But if you shall as you begon procede:
 cc Of kingdomes fall or foes there is no dreebe.

cc And to auoyde contention that may fall,
 cc Because I wishe this realme the Britaynes fill:
 cc Therfore I will declare befoze you all,
 cc Sith you are come, my whole intent and will.
 cc Which if you kepe: and wrest it not to ill,
 cc There is no doubte, but euermore with fame,
 cc You shall enioye the Britaynes realme and name.

cc You see my sonnes, that after mee must raigne,
 cc Whom you or this haue liekte and counsayde well:
 cc You know what erst you wisht they should refraine,
 cc Which way they might all vices vile expell:
 cc Which way they might in vertues great excell:
 cc Thus if you shall, when I am gone insue,
 cc You shall discharge the truste reposed in you.

cc Be you their fathers, with your counsaile wise,
 cc And you my children take them euen as mee.
 cc Be you their guydes, in what you can deuise:
 cc And let their good instructions teache you three,
 cc Be faithfull all, as brethren ought agree:
 cc For conorde kepes a realme, in stable stape:
 cc But disorde brings all kingdomes to decaye.

The Tragedie

“ Recorde to this mine eldest sonne I giue,
“ This middle parte of realme to holde his owne;
“ And to his heires that after him shall liue,
“ Also to Camber that his parte be knowne,
“ I giue that lande that lies welnighe opegrowne;
“ With woods Norwell & mountaines mighty bie,
“ Twene this and that, the Stuerie streame doth lie.

“ And vnto thee my yongest sonne that art,
“ Myne Albanacte I giue to thee likewise;
“ As much to be for thee and thine a parte,
“ As Northe beyond the arme of Sea there lyes,
“ Of which loe here, a map before your eyes,
“ Loe here my sonnes my kingdome all you haue:
“ For which I nought, but this remember craue.

“ Firste, that you take these fathers graue for mee,
“ Embrace their counsaile even as it were myne;
“ Next that betwene your selues you will agree,
“ And neuer one at others wealth repine:
“ See that ye hyde still bounde with friendly lye,
“ And lasse my subiectes, with such loue retaine;
“ As long they may your subiectes eke remaine.

“ Loe now I fele my breath begins to faile,
“ By time is come, gine eche to his part hande,
“ Farewell, farewell, to mourning will not preuaile:
“ I see with knife where Aegropos doth stande,
“ Farewell my frendes, my children and my lande,
“ And farewell all my subiectes, farewell breath,
“ Farewell ten thousand tymes, and welcome death.

And

And euen with that he turnde himſelfe aſhore,
 And gasped chyle, and gaue away the ghoſt:
 Then all at once with mourning voyce they cryde,
 And all his ſubiectſe ke, from leſt to moſt
 Lamencing ſto with wayling teares eche coaſt:
 Percey the Britaynes all, with one aſſent:
 Did for their king, full doulfully lament.

But what auayles, to ſtrive againſt the tyde:
 Or els to ſayle, againſt the ſtreame and wynde:
 What booteth it againſt the clyues to ryde:
 Or els to worke againſt the courſe of kynde:
 With nature hath the ende of thinges aſſinde,
 There is no way, we muſt perforce departe:
 Gainſt dint of death, there is no eaſe by arte.

As cuſtome wylde wee funerals preparede,
 And all with mourning cloathes, and there did come:
 To laye this king on Beere we had regarde,
 In Royall ſort, as did his corpes become,
 His Verce preparede, we brought him to his tombe,
 At Troynouant, he built where he did dye.
 Was he entombde: his Royall corpes doth lye.

Thus raigned that worthy king, that ſound this land
 My father Brutus, of the Troian bloode:
 And thus he died when he ful well had mande,
 This noble Realme with Britaynes ſearce and good:
 And ſo a while in ſtable ſtate it ſtoode,
 Till wee deuided had, this realme in thre,
 And I to ſoone, receiue my part to mee.

Then

Then straight through all the world he gan same to flie,
 A monster swifter none is vnder Sonne:
 Encreasing, as in waters we describe,
 The circles small, of nothing that begon:
 Which at the length, vnto such breadth do come,
 That of a drop which from the skyes doth fall:
 The circles spread, and hide the waters all.

So Fame in flight increaseth more and more,
 For at the first she is not scarcely knowne:
 But by and by, she flies from shore to shore:
 To cloudes from th'earth her stature straight is growne,
 There what soeuer by her trompe is blowne:
 The sound that both by sea, and land out flies,
 Reboundes againe, and verberats the skies,

They say the earth, that first the Giants bred,
 For anger that the Gods did them dispatche,
 Brought forth this sister, of those monsters dead:
 Full light of foote swift winges the winds to catch:
 Such monster erst did Nature neuer hatche:
 As many plumes she hath from top to toe,
 So many eyes thein vnder watche or moe.

And tongues do speake, so many eares do harke;
 By night twene heauen, she flies and earthly shades:
 And sheeking takes no quiet sleepe by darke.
 On houses rowfes, or towres as keeper made
 She sittes by day, and Cities threats t'inuade.
 And as she telles, what things she sees by betwee:
 She rather shewes that's fained false, then true.

Chia

This Fame declare, that euen a people small,
 Had landed here: and found this pleasaunt Ile,
 And howe that nowe it was deuided all
 Into threeparts, and might within a while
 Be won, by force, by treason, fraude or guile:
 Wherfore shee moues her friends, to make assay,
 To wynn the price, and beare out pompe away.

A thousand things bestide, she byrites and telles,
 And makes the most of euery thing she beares:
 Long time of vs she talkes and nothing els,
 Eke what she seeth, abroad in haste she beares.
 With tatling toyes and tickleth so their eares,
 That needes they must to flattering Fame assent:
 Though afterwards they do therefore lament.

By East from hence, a countrey large doth lye,
 Vngaria eke of Hunnes it hath to name,
 And hath Danubius floud on South it by,
 Deuiding quice from Austria the same:
 From thence a king was named Humber came:
 On coastes of Albanie did he arriue,
 In hope this lande of Britayne to atchiue.

Which when by postes of subiects I did heare,
 How enmies were arriued on my shore:
 I gathered all my souldiers boyde of feare,
 And backe the Hunnes by force and might I bore.
 But in this battayle was I hurt so sore,
 That in the fielde of wounds I had, I diue.
 And left my men as flockes without a guide.

Such

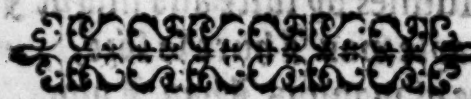
The Tragedie

Such was my fate, to venture on so bold,
 My rashnes was the cause of all my woe:
 Such is of all our glorie baine the halbe,
 So soone we posside and pleasures all forgoe:
 So quickly are we rest our kingdomes free:
 And such is all the cast of Fortunes playe,
 When lest we thinke, to such a quicke away.

I demde my selfe an heavenly happy wight,
 When once I had my part to raigne within,
 But see the chaunce what hap did after light:
 O I could scarce t'enioy my glee begin:
 This Hunne did seeke, from me my realme to win:
 And had his will, O flattering Fortune fye,
 What meanst thou thus to worke with Princes fye.

You worthy warriours, learne by mee, beware,
 Let wise dome worke, lay rashnes all apart:
 When as with enemies you encountered are,
 You must endeuour, all your skilfull art:
 By witty wyles, with force to make your mart:
 Wit nought aualles, late bought with care and cost,
 If you repent when life and labours lost.

FINIS.



The

The Authour.

With that the wounded Prince departed quite,
 From sight he slinckte, I sawe his shade no more,
 But Morpheus bade remember this to write,
 And therewithall presented mee before,
 A wight wet dropping from the waters shore
 In Princely weede, but like a warlike man,
 And thus mee thought his story he began.

Humber the king of Hunnes
 shewes how he minding to con-
 quere this land was drowned. &c. He
 liued about the yeare before
 Christe. 1074.

Though yet no foraine Princes in this place,
 Haue come to tell their haplesse great mishap:
 Yet giue me leaue a while to pleade my case,
 And shewe howe I slipt out of Fortunes lap:
 Perchaunce some others will eschewe the trap
 Wherein I fell, and both themselves beware,
 And also seeke the lesse thy countreis care.

I am that Humber king of Hunnes that came
 To win this Islande, from the Britaynes fell:
 Was drownde in Humber where I left my name,
 A iust reward for him that liude so well
 At home, and yet thought others to expell,
 Both from their Realme and right: O filthy ye
 On such ambition earst as vsed I.

But

The Tragoedie

But I must blame report, the chiefest cause
Of my decaye: be ware of rashe report:
Tis wisdom first to take a while some pause,
Before to dint of daungers you resort:
Least when you come in hast to scale the fort:
By rashe assault some engin, shaft, or fyre
Dispatcht you quite, or make you soone retyre.

Foꝛ vnto mee the rumors daily flewe,
That here a noble Ilande might be won:
The king was dead: no warres the people knewe,
And eke themselves to striue at home begon.
It were (quoth I) a noble acte well don,
To win it then: and there withall did make
Prouision good, this famous Ile to take.

A warre like regall campe prouided was,
And shippes, and vitayle foꝛ my Hunnes and mee:
By sea to Britayne conquest foꝛ to passe,
If Gods thereto and heauenly starres agree:
At length wee came to shores of Albany,
And there to fight with Britaynes pitcht our field:
In hope to make them flinche, flye, fall, or yeelde.

They met vs, long wee scarcely faught it out,
And doubtfull was the victours part of twaine,
Till with my Hunnes I rusht among the route,
And faught, till that king Albanacte was slaine.
Then they to yeeld and pardon craue were faine,
And I with triumphes great recelude the pray:
And marched foꝛward, sleight with such a fray.

I pass

I past an arme of Sea, that would to God
 I neuer had bin halfe so bold at furst:
 I made to beate my selfe withall a rod,
 When so within their Realme I venture durst:
 But marke my tale thou heardst not yet þ worst.
 As sure as I thought the rest to circumuent:
 By spies befoze, they knew my whole intent.

And oz I wisse, when I was come to lande:
 Not farre frō shoze, two Princes were prepaide,
 Their scouters conueyde away my ships they saide,
 And of my shipmens fleshe they nothing sparede,
 To rescue which, as backe againe I farde:
 The armies twaine were at my heeles behinde
 So closde me in, I wisse no waye to winde.

On th'east Locrinus with an armie great:
 By West was Camber with an other bande:
 By North an arme of Sea the shoores did beate,
 Which compass me and mine within their lande:
 No way to scape was there, but water fande,
 Which I must taste oz els the swoorde of those,
 Which were to mee and mine full deadly foes.

So when I sawe the best of all mine hoste,
 Beate down with bats, shot, slaine oz forst to swim:
 My selfe was faine likewise to fflye the coast,
 And with the rest the waters entred in.
 A simple shift for Princes to begin:
 Yet far I demde it better so to dye,
 Then at mine ennies foote an abiecte lye.

But when

The Tragoedie

But when I thus had swam with hope to scape,
If I might wend the water waues to passe:
The Britaynes that before my ships had gate,
Can watche mee, where amidst the surge I was:
Then with my boates they rowde to me alas,
And all they cryde kepe Humber kepe their king:
That to our Place we may the traptour bzing.

So with my boates beset pooze Humber I
Wille no refuge: my wery armes did ake:
My bzeath was short: I had nopowze to crie,
O place to stand whyle I my plaint might make:
The water cold made all my ioyntes to shake:
My hart did beate with sozrow, grieve and paine:
And down my cheekes, salt teares they gusht amaine.

O must thou yelde, and shall thy boates betraye
Thy selfe (quoth I) no mercy Britaynes haue:
O would to God I might escape awaye:
I wot not yet if pardon I may craue:
Although my deedes deserue no life to haue,
I will: I nill: death: bondage, beast am I
In waters thus, in fozaine soyle to dye.

With that I clapt my quauering hands abroad,
And held them vp to beauen, and thus I sayde:
O Gods that know the paines that I haue bode,
And iust reuengment of my rashnes paide,
And of the death of Albanacte betraide
By mee and mine: I yelde my life therefore,
Content to dye, and neuer greeue pee moze.

Then

Then straight not opening of my handes, I bowde
 My selfe, and set my head my armes betweene:
 And downe I sprang, with all the force I coulde:
 So duckte, that neither head nor foote were seene:
 And neuer sawe my foes againe I weene,
 There was I drownde: the Britaynes to my fame,
 Yet call that arme of Sea by Humber's name.

Take heede by mee, let my presumption serue:
 And let my folly, fall, and rashnes bee,
 A glasse wherein to see if thou do swerue,
 Thou mayste thy selfe perceiue somewhat by mee:
 Let neither trusse, nor treason traine forth thee:
 But be content with thine estate, so shall
 No wrath of God, procure thy haplesse fall.

If thou be forraigne, bide within thy soyle,
 That God hath giuen to thee and thine to holde,
 If thou oppression meane betwixt the soyle:
 Beare not thy selfe, of thee or thine to holde:
 Of the seates thy elders did of olde,
 For God is iust, iniustice will not thriue:
 He plagues the proude, preserves the good aloue.

FINIS.


C.

The




The Authoure.

THen vanishte Humber, and no sooner gon
VVas he but straight in place before me came,
A princely wight, had complet harnessse on.
Though not so complet as they now do frame:
He seemde sometime t'auē bene of worthy fame:
In breste a shafte with bleeding wounde he bare,
And thus he tolde the cause of all his care.

 **L**ocrinus the eldest sonne of
Brutus, Declareth his slaughter to haue
happened for his euill life. He died the
yeare before Christe,

1064.

 **I**f euer any noble Prince might rue,
His factes are paste, long since the same may I:
That would to God it were not farre to true,
Or that I iustly could my faulces denie:
The truthe of thinges the ende or tyme doth trie,
As well by me is seen: my haplesse fall,
Declares whence came my greate misfortunes all.

I am Locrinus, seconde Britayne king:
The eldest sonne of him that founde this lande:
Whose death to me my mischiefes all did bring,
And causde why first I tooke my death in hande.
Hee chiefly wylde mee when he gaue this lande,
I should be rulde, by all his counsayles will:
And vse their iudgements in my dealings still.

But

But what do I accuse my fathers bestie,
 What meane I here th'vnfauty for to blame?
 All be commaunded euen was for the bestie:
 Though in effect of bestie the worstie became.
 So thinges oftentimes well mente vnfitly frame:
 So often times the counsaile of your frende,
 Apparent good, falles faulty in the ende.

For as he wisht I vsde his counsailes ayde,
 In eache thing that I decmde was good for mee:
 I neuer ought that they desirde denyde:
 But did to all their mindes and besties agree.
 And Corinaxus sawe my harte so free,
 By diuers meanes, he sought this match to make:
 That to my wife, I might his daughter take.

But I that wisse not then what marriage ment,
 Did straight agree his Guendoline to haue:
 Yet afterwarde suspecting his intent,
 My frendes to me this point of counsaile gaue:
 That who so doth of Prince aliaunce craue,
 He meanes thereby to worke some point of ill,
 Or else to frame the Prince vnto his will.

It may well bee he mente no euill at all,
 But wyle men alwayes vse to dreade the worstie:
 And sith it was, the fountaine of my fall:
 From whence the spring of all my sorowes burstie,
 I may well thinke was some of vs accusie,
 For why, the ende, doth alwayes proue the faultie:
 By ende we iudge the meaning of the acte.

The Tragoedye

I made no haste, to wed my spoused wyfe:
I wiske I could as yet without hir byde:
I had not tasted ioyes of trapped life:
I deemde them fooles by Cupides darte that died:
I Venus vile and all hir force deside:
And liude at reste, and rulde my land so well,
That men delighted of my factes to tell.

My brethzen eke long wel did well their partes:
We feard no foes, we thought our state would stand
We gaue our selues to learned skilfull artes:
Wherin we either fruite, or pleasure fand:
And we enioyde so fine a fruitfull land,
That few in earth, might with our states compare,
We lyude so voyde of noysome carke and care.

But see the chaunce when least we thought of ill,
When we esteamde our state to be most sure:
Than came a flawe to bysle all our will,
For straungers far, gan vs to warre procure:
And euen when first, they put their pranke in bye,
On Albane shores my brother there they slewe:
Whose death we after made the Hunnes to rue.

When he was dead they hopte to winne the reste,
And ouer Abi streame with haste did hie:
But I and eke my brother Camber dresse,
Our armies straight, and came their force to trie:
We brake their raves, and forste their king to flie,
Into the arme of Sea they ouer came:
Where Humber drounde þ waters toke his name.

Me

Wee either slewe or tooke them captiues all,
 Amongst the which, O mischief great to tell!
 The Gods to worke mine overthrow and fall
 Sent Ladies three, whose beauties did excell:
 Of which because I liked one so well,
 I tooke her straight, nor she did ought denie:
 But eche thing graunted so she might not die.

Thus Humber wee this hateful hunger king,
 In Humber drencht: and him depride of pride:
 And of his loftie Ladies he did bring,
 He losse the praye: and all his men beside.
 And we the spoyles of all his hoaste deuide,
 But I that thought, I had the greatest share:
 Had caught the cause of all my wofull care.

They calde this Lady Elstride whom I tooke,
 Whose beauty braue did so my wittes confound:
 That for hir sake my promise I forsooke,
 Wherby I was to Gwendoline first bounde.
 He thought no Lady went on earthely grounde:
 That might allure me, euer chaunge my minde:
 So was I caught by snares of Cupide blynde.

Was neuer none before so likt mine eye,
 I loude hir more then I could loue my life:
 Hir absence still me thought did cause me die:
 I surely mente to take hir to my wife.
 But see howe beautie breedeth deadly strife,
 Lo here began my whole confusion here:
 Sprang out the shaft from which this wound I beare.

The Tragœdie.

Foꝛ Corinæus had no soner hearde,
That I did meane his daughter to forsake:
But straight as one, that did nought else regarde,
In haste his voyage towardes me did take:
And come, declarde what promise I did make,
From which he said if once I sought to slide:
It should by dint of sworde, and bloud be cride.

But if I would her take, as erst I sayde,
And not this straunger choole against his minde:
His helpe he promise at eachetime, and ayde
To bee so ready, as I wist to finde:
He furder sayde my countrey did me bynde,
To take such one as all my subiectes knewe:
Sith straungers to their foes are neuer true.

I wayde his wordes, and thought he wist me well:
But yet because his stocke should gaine the byll,
I reckte them lesse: and yet the truthe to tell,
I durste not dare my promise made deny:
Foꝛ well I wiste, if once it came to trye:
It would both weaken all this noble lande,
And doubtfull be, who should haue th'upper hande.

Thus nedes perforce I must his daughter take,
And must leaue of, to loue where I delighte:
I was constrainde content to forsake:
The forme that most did captiuate my sighte,
What lucke had I in such a lotte to lighte:
What meute you Godds that me such Fortune gaue,
To cast my minde on hie I might not haue.

Co

To thozte my tale, his Gwendoline I tooke,
I was content against my will: what then?
Noz quite for this, myne Elstride I forsooke:
For why, I wrought by skill of cunning men,
A vaulte along vnder the grounde a denne:
Hir companie wherein I used still,
There we accomplishte our vnbappy will.

There I begat my Sabine selfe childe,
That virgine small myne Elstride bare to mee:
Thus I my wife full oftentimes beguilde,
Which afterward did beare a sonne to mee,
Name Madan: yet we neuer could agree,
And he that was the cause, she was my bryde:
This whyle hir father Corinaus did.

Which when I hearde, I had my hartes desire:
I crau'de no moze, there was my ende of grieve.
At leste I thought to quenche Cupidoes fire,
And eke to worke my lusting loues reliefe:
I mente no moze to steale it like a thiefe:
But married Elstride, whom I lou'de as life,
And for her sake I put away my wife.

Likewise I cause was Elstride Queen proclaimed:
And tooke hir as my lawfull wyfe by right,
But Gwendoline that sawe hir selfe disdained,
Straight fled, and mou'de the Cornishmen to fight,
To them, when she declarde hir pittous plight:
In haste they dresse an army for to bee,
Reuengers of my newe made Queene and mee.

02.104 The Tragœdie. 110

And I like wyse an armie did prepare,
 I thoughte to quaille, their courage all by force;
 But to my cosse I founde to late beware,
 There is no strengthe in armoure, man or horse,
 Can bayle, if Ioue on wronged take remoyce:
 For he on whom, the deadly dart doth lighte,
 Can neuer scape: by ransome, frende or flighte.

So when our armies met nighe Scura streame,
 The trompettes blewe and I denide the peace:
 I minded to expell them all the realme,
 Or else to make them euer after cease:
 And they except I I stride would releace,
 (They sayde) and take my Gwendoline againe:
 They would reuenge the wrong, or else be slayne.

On this wee met, and valiauntly we fought,
 On ether syde, and nether parte did yelde:
 So equally they fell, it was great doubt,
 Which part should haue the better of the fielde:
 But I to bolde, rushte in with sworde and sheelde
 To breake their rayes, so hasty men get smarter:
 An arrow came, and stroke me to the harte.

Then was I brought to Troynouant and there,
 My body was enterrid as you reade:
 When I had raigned all out twenty yere,
 Lo thus I liude, and thus became I deade:
 Thus was my crowne depriued from my heade,
 And all my pompe, my princely troupe and trayne,
 And I to earth, and duste resolute againe.

Nowe

Now warne estates, let this for wedlocke serue,
 Beware of change, it will not holde out long,
 For who so mindeth from his make to swerue:
 Shal sure at lengthe, receiue reuenge for wrong:
 'Tis folly fight with God, h'is farre to strong:
 For though ye colour all, with coate of right:
 Yet can no fained farde, deceiue his sight.

FINIS.

The Authour.

With that this king, was vanisht quite and gone:
 And as a miste, dissolued into ayre:
 And I was left, with Morpheus all alone:
 VWho represented straight a Lady faire:
 Of frendes depriude, and left in deepe dispaire,
 A seke she spake, all wet in cordes fast bounde:
 Thus tolde she how, she was in waters drounde.

Elstride the concubine of Locrinus
 miserablye drowned by Gvvendoline his
 wyfe, declares her presumption, lewde life
 and infortunate fall. She suffered be-
 fore Christe. 1064.

And must I needes my selfe recite my fall
 Poore woman I: must I declare my fate?
 Must I the first saue thre amongst vs all,
 Shew how I thise, fell from my Princely state?
 And from the losy seate on which I sate:
 If neede I must, then well content I will:
 Lest here my place in vaine I seeme to fill.

I am

The Tragedye

I am that Elfride, whom Locrinus loude,
A Prince his daughter came from Germaines land;
My fame of beauty many Princes would see,
To sue for grace, and fauour at my hand,
Which byrte once blowne abroad in euery land,
One Humber king of Hunnes with all his trauers,
To come to mee, a suiter was full fauer.

FINIS

What neede I tell, the giftes to mee he gaue,
Or shew his suite or promise be me plight,
Sith well you know a Prince nede nothing craue:
May nigh commaund, esch thing as there his right,
For as the fowle before the Eagles sight,
Euen so we fall, submit and yeld vs full,
At Prince his call, obeysaunt to his will.

And for that time the Honnes full mighty were,
And did increase, by martiall feates of warre:
Therefore our Germaine kings agast did beare,
Them greater fauour then was neede by farre.
My father durst not Humber best debarre,
Nor I my selfe, I rather was content:
In hope of crowne with Humber to consent.

Two Princely Dames with me came then away,
He bragde to winne these country partes all thre,
The Ladies rather was this Prince his pray:
Because he promist that wee Queenes should bee:
We came to coste these country coasts to see,
Sith he on whom our hope did wholly stander:
Was drownd, namde Humber waters, lost the land.

For

For as you heard before when he supposed,
He had wonne all because he won a part:
Straight way he was againe thereof deposde,
Constrainde to flye, and swim for life poore hart:
Loe here the cause, of all my dolefull smarte,
This noble king with whom I came to raigne:
Was dyencht, and dyownde vnto my greuous paine.

Then were his souldiers taken, slayne or spoyde,
And well were they, that could make suite for life:
Was neuer such an armie sooner spoyde:
O wofull warre, that flowde in floude of strife!
And carst not whom thou cuttst with cruell knife?
O had not Venus fraught my face with bewe,
I had no longer liu'de, my foyme to rewe.

For as I came a captiue with the rest,
My countenaunce did shewe as braue as Sunne:
Ech one that sawe my natie bewe were presse,
To yelde themselves by beames of beauty won:
My same straight blowne to gaze on mee they ran,
And said I paste ech worldly wight as farre:
As Phoebus bright excelles the morning starre.

Like as you see in darkes if light appeare,
Straight way to that ech man directes his eye:
Euen so among my captiue mates that were:
When I did speake, or make my plaints with cry,
Then all on me they stared by and by:
Bemoing of my fates, and Fortune foe,
As they had bin partakers of my woe.

The Tragedie

My fourme did praise my plea, my sighes they sued,
My teares entitle their hartes some ruth to take:
My sobbes in sight, a seemely heave reneade:
My wringing hands, was fitter a gift to make:
My sober southes did cause them for my sake:
Mee to commend, unto their noble king,
Who wold they should me into presence bring.

Which when I came in cordes as captiue bounde,
O king (quoth I) whose power wee feele so strong:
O worthy wight, whose fame to skyes doth sounde:
Do pitte me, that neuer witht the wrong:
Release me one thy captiues all among:
Which fro my friends, by fraude am brought away,
A Prince his daughter, bounde in deepe decaye.

Now as thou art a Prince thy selfe of might,
And maist do more then I da dare desire:
Let me (O king) finde fauour in thy sight,
Allwage somewhat thy deadly wrath and ire:
No part of manhode tis for to require,
A Ladies death thee neuer did offende,
Sith that thy foe, hath brought her to this ende.

But let mee rather safely be conuayde,
O gractous king, once home before I die:
Or let me on thy Queens be waiting mayde,
If it may please thy royall maiestie:
Or let me raunsome paye, for libertie:
But if thou minde reuenge of vnwrought ill,
Why spare you Britaynes this my corps to kill?

Which

Witch that the king: good Lady saye what iste
 Thou canst desire or aske, but must obtaine:
 Eke would to God with all my hart I wiske,
 Best waye to ease thee of thy wofull paine:
 But if thou wilt, do here with mee remaine,
 If not content, conductours shalt thou haue,
 To bring thee home, and what thou els wilt craue.

As for my Queene, as yet I none possesse,
 Therefore thou rather maist vouchsafe to take
 That place thy selfe: then waite on her I gesse,
 Whose beautie with thy face no match can make:
 The Gods denye that I thy beste forsake,
 I saue thy life, eke God forbid that I,
 Should euer cause so saye a Ladie die.

O King (quoth I) the Gods preserve thy grace,
 The heauens requite thy mercy shewde to mee,
 And all the starres, direct thy regall race
 In happie course, long length of yeares to see:
 The earth with fertile fruites inriche so thee:
 That thou maist still like Justice her dispose,
 And euer moze treade downe thy deadly foes.

The noble king commaunded to vnbinde,
 Mine armes, and let mee lewce, and free at will,
 And afterward such fauour did I finde
 That as his Queene I was at elbowe still:
 And I enioyde all pleasures at my fill:
 So that they quite had quenched out my thral,
 And I forgate my former Fortunes all.

Thus

The Tragœdie

Thus lo by fauoure I obtainde my suite,
So had my beauty set his brest on fire,
That I could make Locrinus euen as muste,
Or pleasaunt as my causes did require:
And when I knewe he could no way retire:
I prayde he would his fauour so extende,
As I might not be blamed in the ende.

For if (quoth I) you take me as your owne,
And eke my loue to you haue constant beene:
Then let your loue likewise againe be showne,
And wed me as you sayd, your spouse and Queene:
If since in mee misliking you haue seene:
Then best depart betime befoze defame,
Begin to take from Elstride her good name.

No wauering hart (said he) Locrinus beares,
No fayned flattery shall thy faith deface:
Thy beauty, birth, fame, vertue, age and yeares
Constraine me both, thee and thy bestes embrace:
I must of force, giue thy requestes a place,
For as they do with reason good consent,
Euen so I graunt thee all thy whole intent.

Then was the time appointed and the day,
In which I should be wedded to this king,
But in this case, his counsaile causde a staye,
And sought out meanes at discord vs to bring:
Eke Corinaus claime a former thing,
A precontract was made and full accorde,
Betweene his daughter, and my soueraigne Lorde.

And ye

And yet the king did giue me comfort still,
 He sayd he could not so forsake my loue,
 Yet euermore would beare me all good will:
 As both my beauty and desertes did moue:
 But still the ende doth who is faulty proue,
 His counsaile at the last did him constrain
 To marry her, vnto my greuous paine.

At which I could not but with hate repine,
 It vexed mee, his mate that should haue beene,
 To liue in hate, a Prince his concubine
 That euer had such hope to be his Queene.
 The steppes of state are full of wo and teene,
 For when we thincke we haue attaine the throne:
 Then straight our pompe & pride is quite o'rethroned.

Lo wise I fell from hope of Princely crowne,
 First when vnhappy Humber lost his life,
 And next I laide my Peacockes pride adowne,
 When as I could not be Locrinus wife:
 But oft they say the thirde doth ende the strife,
 Which I haue proued: therefore the sequele betwe
 The thirde payes home, this prouerbe is to true.

This king could not refraine his former minde,
 But blode me still, and I my doubtfull peares
 Did linger on, I knew no thift to finde,
 But past the time full oft with mourning teares.
 A concubine is neuer boyd of feares,
 For if the wyfe her at aduantage take:
 In rage reuenge with death shee seekes to make.

Like.

The Tragœdie

Like wise I wisste if once I sought to flye,
Or to entreate the king depart I might,
Then would he straight be discontent with mee,
Yea if I were pursued vpon the flight,
Or came deslourde into my parents sighte:
I should be taken, kept perforce, or slaine:
Or in my country liue in great disuaine.

In such a plight, what might a woman doe,
Was euer Lady saye, in such a case?
O wretched wight bewrapt in webbes of woe!
That still in dread wast tost from place to place,
And neuer foundest meane to ende thy race:
But still in doubt of death, in carking care,
Didst liue a life deuoyde of all welfare.

The king perceiuing well my chaunged cheare,
To ease my hart with all deuise deceats,
By secrete wayes I came deuoyde of feare,
In vaultes, by cunning Masons crafty feats:
Where as wee safely from the Queene her threats,
Perdy the king and I so vsde our arte,
As after turnde vs both to paine and smarte.

By him I had my Sabine small my childe,
And after that his wife her father losse,
I meane he died and she was straight exilde,
And I made Queene vnto my care and cosse:
For she went downe to Cornewal straight in poste,
And caused all her fathers men to rype,
With all the force, and strength they might deuise.

My king and hirs, with me, gaist hir prepatre
 An army strong: but when they came to fighte,
 Dame Guendohne did wax at length to hard:
 And of our king vs both deposed quighte,
 For from her campe an arrowe sharpe did lichte
 Upon his breste, and made him leaue his breath:
 Lo thus this king came by vntimely death.

Then I to late, began in bayne to lye,
 And taken was presented to the Queene,
 Who me behelde with cruell Cygres eye,
 " O Queene (q thee) that cause of warres hast bene
 " And deadly hate, the like was neuer seene:
 " Come on for these my handes shall ridde thy life,
 " And take renengement of our mortall strife.

" I longed long to bring thee to this baye,
 " And thou likewise hast sought to sucke my bloud.
 " Nowe arte thou taken, in my spoiles a praye,
 " That causde my life full long in daunger stood:
 " I will both teache thy selfe, and others good
 " To breake the bandes of faithfull wedlocke plight,
 " And giue thee that which thou deseruist right.

" O harlot whoze, why should I stay my handes?
 " O painted picture, shall thy lookes thee saue?
 " Nay bynde hir faste both hande and foote in bandes,
 " And let hir some straunge kinde of tormentes haue.
 " What ströpet stues, thinkeste for thou seemist braue?
 " Or for thy teares, or sighes, to scape my sight?
 " My selfe will rather vanquish the by fight.

D

Thou

The Tragoedie

cc Thou rather shouldest my vitall breath deprive,
cc Then euer scape if none were here but wee,
cc But nowe I will not file my handes to striue,
cc D'esse to touch so vile a drabe as thee.
cc Come on at once, and bring hir after mee,
cc With hande and feete as I commaunded bounde:
cc And let me see, hir here as Humber d'ounde.

A thousand things beside, she spake in rage,
While that a captife did with cordes me binde,
No tears, nor sobbes, nor sighs might ought aswage
The gelous Queene, or molifie hir mynde.
Occasions still hir franticke head did finde,
And when she spake, hir eyes did leame as fire:
Shée lookte as pale as chalke with wrathfull Ire.

He stood she still but with hir handes on syde,
Walkte vp and down, and oft hir palmes she stroke.
cc My husband now (¶ she) had not thus dyde:
cc If such an harlot, whoze he had not tooke,
And therewithall she gaue me such a looke,
cc As made me quake, what lettes (¶ she) my knife,
cc To ridde this whoze my husbandes second wife:
His dead, I liue, and shall I saue hir life?

O Queene (quoth I) if pitie none remaine,
But I be slayne or d'ounde as Humber was:
Then take thy pleasure by my pinching paine,
And let me hence as thou appointist passe:
But take some pity on my childe alas,
Thou knowste the infante made no faule but thee,
Thats dead and I therfore reuenge on mee.

- " No bastarves here shall liue to dispossesse
 " My sonne (she sayd) but sith thou soughtst the same:
 " I will prouide for hir a kingdome lesse,
 " Which shall hereafter euer haue hir name.
 " Thou knowst wherof the name of Humber came,
 " Euen so Sabrina, shall this streame be calde:
 " Sith Sabrina me, as Humber Locrine thzalde.

- With that my childe was Sabine brought in sight,
 And when she see me take in bandes to lie,
 Alasse (she cryde) what meanes this pitious plight,
 And downe she fell before the Queene with crye,
 " O Queene (quoth she) let me more rather die,
 " Then she that is guiltlesse should, for why thy king
 " Did as his captiue, hir to lewdnes bring.

Which when I sawe the kindnes of the childe,
 It burst my hart much more then dome of death:
 Poore little lambe with countenance how milde
 She pleaded still, and I for wante of breath,
 With wolfull teares, that laye hir feete beneath
 Could not put forth a worde, our liues to saue,
 O if therfore I might a kingdome haue.

- Hir pitious plaintes, did somewhat death withdraw,
 For as she long behelde the Queene with teares:
 " (Quoth she) let me haue rigour voyde of lawe,
 " In whom the signe of all thy wrath appeares,
 " And let me die my fathers face that beares:
 " Sith he is dead, and we are voyde of staye,
 " Why should I thee, for life or mercy praye.

The Tragoëdie

cc My mother may to Germanie retourne,
cc Where she was borne, and if it please thy grace,
cc And I may well lye in my fathers tombe,
cc If thou wilt graunt his childe so good a place.
cc But if thou thinke my blood is farre to bace,
cc Although I came by both, of princely line:
cc Then let me haue what shroude thou wilt assigne.

Which that the Queene replide with mildre cheere,
And said the child was wondrous wyle and wittie:
But yet she would not hir reuenge forbeare,
cc For why (qu she) the prouerbe sayes that pittie,
cc Hath lewdly losse full many a noble citie.
cc Then Elstride now prepare thy selfe therfore
cc To die, take leaue, but talke to me no more.

On this my leaue I tooke, and thus I sayde,
Farewell my countrey, Germany farewell,
Adewe the place from whence I was conueyde,
Farewell my father, and my frendes there dwel:
My Humber drounde, as I shal be, farewell:
Adew Locrinus dead, for thee I die,
Would God my corps might by thy coffine lie.

Adew my pleasures passe, farewell, adew,
Adew the cares, and sorowes I haue had,
Farewell my frendes that erst for me did sue.
Adew that were, to saue my life full glad:
Farewell the sauning frendes, I lately had,
And thou my beauty cause of deach farewell,
As ofte, as harte can thinke, or tonge can tell.

Adew

Adewe you heauens, my mortall eyes shall see
 No more your lightes, and Planetes all farewell,
 And chiefly Venus faire that painte dlt mee,
 When Mercurie his tale to me did tell:
 Eke afterwarde when Mars with vs did dwell,
 And now at last thou cruell Mars adewe,
 Whose darte my life, and loue Locrinus slewe.

And must I nedes departe from thee my childe,
 If nedes I must, ten thousand times farewell,
 Poore litle lambe, thy frendes are quite exilde:
 And much I feare thou shalt not long do well,
 But if they so with boyling rancoure swell:
 As thee to slea, which neuer wrought ill,
 Howe can they stape, my staynid corps to kill.

With that my Sabrines slender armes imbrast:
 He rounde, and would not let me so departe,
 cc Let me (q she) for hir the waters tast,
 cc Or let vs both together ende our smarte:
 cc Yea rather rippe you foozth my tender harte,
 What should I liue? but they the childe withdrew,
 And mee, into the raging streame they threw.

So in the waters as I stru'de to swimme,
 And kept my head aboue the waues for breath,
 He thought I sawe my childe, would benter in.
 cc Which cryde a mayne, O let me take like death,
 The waters straight had drawne me vnderneath,
 Where struiuing by at length againe came I,
 And sawe my childe, and cryde farewell I die.

D. iij

Then:

The Tragoëdie.

Then as my strength was wasted, down I went,
Eke so I plunged twise or thrice yet more:
My breath departed nedes I must relent,
The waters perst my mouth and eares so sore,
And to the botome with such force me boze,
That life, and breath, and minde, & sence was gone:
And I as dead, and colde as marble stone.

Lo thus you here the race of all my life,
And howe I passe the pikes of painfull wo,
Howe twise I thought to be a Prince his wife:
And twise was quite deppriu'de myne honour fro:
The third time Queene, and felt foule ouerthro:
Then warne all Ladies, that howe much more hie,
Then their degrees they clime: no daungers nye.


Bid them beware, lesse bewty them abuse,
Beware of pride, for haue a fall it must:
And will them Fortunes flattery to refuse:
Hir turning whele, is voyde of stedy trust:
Who reckes no meane, but leanith all to lust,
Shall finde my wordes, as true as I them tell:
Then bid beware, in time I wishe them well.

FINIS.

VVith



With that she flitted in the ayre abroad,
 As twere a miste or smooke dissolued quite,
 And or I long on this had made abode,
 A virgine smale, appearde before my sight,
 For colde and wet eke scarfly moue she might,
 As from the waters drownd she didering came:
 Thus wise, hir tale an order did she frame.

 Sabrine the base childe of Lo-
 crinus, telles how she was pitifully drow-
 ned by his wyfe Guendoline, in reuenge of
 hir fathers adulterye. The yeare before
 Christe, 1064.

Behold me Sabrine orphane erste berefte,
 Of all my frendes by cruell case of warre:
 When as not one to create for me was left,
 But Ielolie did all their powres debarre,
 When as my father eke was layne in warre:
 And when my mother euen before my sight,
 Was drownde to death, O wretche in wofull plight!

Truste who so will the statte of hie estate,
 And bzing me word what say therby you haue,
 For why if Fortune once displeasure take:
 She giues þ foyle, though lookes be neuer so bzaue.
 'Tis wisdom rather then to winne to saue,
 For oft who trustes to get a Prince his trayne:
 Would at the length, of beggers life be fayne.

D iiii

This

The Tragoedic.

This might the Hunne erſte Humber well haue ſaide,
And this my mother Elſtride prou'de to true,
When as his life by ſtriving ſtreames was ſtayed:
And when the tyzauntes hir in waters chꝛewe.
What I may ſaye, my ſelfe repoꝛtes to you:
Which had moze terrour ſhewde, then twice ſuch twayne:
Giue eare, and iudge if I abode no payne.

First when my fathers corꝑs was ſtroken downe,
With deadly ſhafte, I came to mourne and ſee:
And as he laye with bleding bꝛeſte in ſowne,
He caſt aſyde his warring eyes on mee.
“ Flye flye (he ſayd) thy ſtepdame ſeekes for thee,
“ My wofull childe: what flight maiſte thou to take,
“ My Sabrine pooꝛe, I muſt thee nedes forſake.

“ See here myne ende, beholde thy fathers fall,
“ Flye, flye, thy gelous ſtepdame ſeekes thy life,
“ Thy mother eke of this is wꝛapte in thꝛall:
“ Farewell in woe you cannot ſcape hir knife:
“ Farewell my childe, mine Elſtride and my wiſe,
“ Adew (q he) I may no longer hyde,
“ And euen with that, he gaspid thꝛyſe and dyed.

What byꝛde can flye and ſoze, if ſtoꝛmes do rage?
What ſhip can ſayle, if once the wyndes reſiſte?
What wight is that, can force of warres aſwage?
Or elſe what warre can byꝛdle foꝛtunes liſte?
What man is he, that dare an hoaſte reſiſte?
What woman only dare withſtande a ſielde?
If not: what childe but muſt to enemies yelde?

My fathers souldiers fled, away for feare:
As soone as once their Captains death they scande:
The Queene proclaimed a pardon euery where:
To those would yelde, and craue it at hir hande,
Excepting such, as did hir ay withstande:
For so the course alwayes of pardons goes,
As saues the souldiour, and entraps the foes.

Then wiste I flight could nothing me preuaile,
I feard hir pardon would not saue my life:
The storme was such, I durst not beare a saile:
I durst not goe t'intreate my fathers wife,
Although I neuer was the cause of strife.
For gelouzie, deuoyde of reasons raine:
With frenshes fame, enragde hir restless baine.

But see the chaunce, thus compass round with feare
In broyles of blood, as in the field I stande.
I wishte to God my corps were any where,
As out of life, or of this hatefull lande:
No sooner wisht, but there was euen at hande,
cc A person vile, in hast (quoth he) come on,
cc Queene Elstride will before thou come be gon.

The rascall rude, the rooge, the clubfist gript
My litle arme, and placte me on in haste:
And with my robes, the bloudy ground besweept,
As I doze backe: he halde me on full fast,
Under his arme my slender corps he cast:
Sich that (quoth he) thou putst me to this paine,
Thou shalt thereby at length but litle gaine.

Thus

The Tragoedye

Thus through the hoste he bare me to my bane,
And shewde the Souldiours what a spoyle he had:
“ Loke here (quoth he) the litle Princes tane,
And laught, and ran as brutish butcher mad,
But my lamenting made the souldiours sad,
Yet nought prevailde, the captife as his pray:
Without all pitie bare me still away.

Till at the length we came where we discried,
A number huge, of folkes about the Queene:
As when you see some wonder great betide,
Or els y place wher some strange sight hath beene:
So might you there the people standing seene,
And gazed all when as they see me brought:
Then sure I deemde, I was not come for nought.

And in the prease, some praisde my comly face,
Some said lo Elstride thee resemblcth right:
Some said I looked like my fathers grace,
Some other said it was a piteous sight
I should so die: the Queene me pardon might,
Some said the thiefe me boze did me abuse,
And not so rudely ought a Princes vse.

But what did this redresse my wofull care,
You wot the commons vse such proverbs still:
And yet the captives pooze no better are,
It rather helpes their pained hartes to kill:
To pity one in grieve doth worke him ill,
Bemone his woe: and cannot ease his thrall:
It kills his hart, but comforts nought at all.

Thus

Thus past we through the ptease, at length we came,
 Into the presence of the gelous Queene,
 Who nought at all the Rascall rude did blame
 That bare me so: but askte if I had seene
 My father slayne, that cause thereof had beene,
 O Queene (quoth I) God knowes me innocent:
 To worke my fathers death, I neuer ment.

With that I sawe the people looke aside,
 To bewe a mourning voyce I heard thereby,
 It was my wofull mother by that cryde.
 Lo Sabrine bounde, at bzinke of death I lie.
 What pen or tonge, or teares with weeping eye,
 Could tell my woes, that sawe my mother bounde,
 On waters shore, wherin she should be drounde.

With that I fell befoze the Queene and prayde
 For mercy, but with fierie eyes she bent
 Hir browes on me: out bastarde vile (she sayd)
 Thou wost not yet, wherefore for thee I sent,
 O Queene (quoth I) haue pity be content,
 And if thou mynde, of mercy ought to show:
 Drowne mee, and let my mother harmelesse go.

For why she was a Prince his daughter borne
 In Germany, and thence was brought away
 Perforce by Humber, who by warters forloze
 Thy king as captiue tooke hir for his pray,
 Thou maiste full well her case with reason wepe:
 What could shee do, what more then she or I,
 Thy captiues now, thynne owne to liue or die?

Take

The Tragoedye

Take pitty then, on Princely race O Queene:
Take pitty, if remorse may ought require:
Take pitty, on a captiue thysce hath beene:
Let pitty pearce the rage of all thyne ire:
But if thy breast burne with reuenging fire:
Then let my death quenche out that fuming flame,
Sith of thy husvands bloud, and hirs I came.

Much more I said, while teares out streaming wet:
But nought of ease at all thereby I gainde,
My mother eke, did as she lay lamente:
Wherwith my harte a thousand folde she painde,
And though þ Queen my plaints to fauour fainde:
Yet at the last she bade she should prepare,
Hir selfe to die, and ende hir course of care.

Then all hir frendes my mother Elstride namde,
And pleasures paste, and bade them all adue:
Eke as she thus hir last farewell had framde,
With losse of him, from whom hir sorowes grue:
At length to mee (which made my hart to rue)
“ She sayd farewell my childe, I feare thy fall:
“ Ten thousand times, adewe my Sabrine small.

And as the cruell captiues came to take
Hir vp, to caste and drowne hir in the floud:
I fast myne armes about hir clipt did make,
And cryde, O Queene let mercy meeke thy moode:
Do rather reauue my hart of vitall bloude,
Then thus I liue: with that they slackte my holde,
And drencht my mother, in the waters colde.

For loue

For loue to ayde her, venter in would I,
 That sawe my mother strue aloft for winde,
 " To lande shee lookte and saide farewell I dye.
 O let me go (quoth I) like fate to finde,
 " Said Guendoline come on likewise and binde
 " This Sabine hand and foote: at once let see
 " Her here receyue, her whole request of mee.

" Eke as I wyshe to haue in minde her fame,
 " As Humbers is, which should her father bee n
 " So shall this flood of Sabine haue the name,
 " That men thereby may say a righteous Queene,
 " Here drownde her husbands childe of concubine,
 " Therefore leaue Sabine here thy name and life,
 " Let Sabine waters ende our mortall strife,

" Dispatch (quoth she) with that they bound me fast,
 My slender armes and feete which litle neede:
 And sang all mercy mee in waters caste,
 Which drowne me downe, & cast me vp with speene,
 And downe me drencht, the Sabine fishe to feede,
 Where I abode till now: from whence I came,
 And there the waters holde as yet my name.

Lo thus this gealous Queene, in raging sort,
 With bloudy hate bereft her husbands health:
 And eke my mother Elstrids life God wot,
 Which neuer ment to hurt this common wealth:
 And me Locrinus childe begot by stealth:
 Against all reason was it for to kill,
 The childe, for that her parents erst did ill.

By this

The Tragœdie

By this you see, what time our pompe doth bide:
Hereby you see th'vnstedy trust in warre:
Hereby you see, the flaye of states etryde:
Hereby you see, our hope to make doth marre:
Hereby you see, we fall from benche to barre:
From hence (quoth I:) nay from the Princely seate,
You see how soone vs Fortune down doth beate.

And here you see, how lawlesse loue doth thriue:
Hereby you see, how gelous folkes do fare:
Here may you see, with wisdom they that wisue,
Neeve neuer recke Cupidoes cursed snare:
Here may you see, deuozement breedeth care:
Here may you see, the childezen seldome thee,
Which in vnlawfull wedlocke gotten bee.

Declare thou then our fall, and great mishap:
Declare the hay, and glozie we were in:
Declare howe soone we taken were in trap,
When we suppose we had most safest bin:
Declare what losse they haue that hope to win:
Farewell, and tell when Fortune most doth smile:
Then will she frowne: she laughes but euen a while.

FINIS.

The





The Authour.

With that the Lady Sabine flinckt from sight,
 I lookt about, and then methought againe
 Approched straight an other wofull wight:
 It seemde as though with Dogs he had bin slaine,
 The blood from all his members torne amaine
 Ran downe: his clothes were also torne and rente,
 And from his bloody throte these plaintes he sente.

Madan shewes how for his euill
 life he was slaine of wolues, the yeare
 before Christe. 1009.

Amongst the rest, that sate in haute seate,
 And felt the fall I pray thee pen for mee:
 A Tragedie may some such wisdom geate,
 As they may learne, and somewhat wiser bee:
 For in my glasse when as themselues they see,
 They may beware my fall from Fortunes lap,
 Shall teach them how, to eschew the like mishap.

I am that Madan once that Britayne king,
 Was thirde that euer raigned in this lande,
 Marke well therefore my death: as straunge a thing
 As some would deeme, could scarce with reason stande:
 Yet when thou hast my life well througely scande:
 Thou shalt perceiue, not halfe so straunge as true:
 All life: worse death, doth after still insue,

For

The Tragœdie

For when my mother Guendoline had raignde
 In my nonage, full xv. yeares she died:
 And I but yonge, not well in vertues trainde,
 Was left this realme of Britaynes for to guide:
 Where by when once, my minde was pult with pride:
 I past for nought, I bide my lust for lawe:
 Of right, or iustice reckte I not a strawe,

No meane I kept, but ruled all by rage:
 No boundes of measure, could me compasse in:
 Durst none aduerture anger mine t'aswage,
 If once to freate and fame I did begin:
 And I excelde in nothing els but sinne:
 So that welnighe all men did wishe my ende,
 Saue such to whom for vice I was a frende.

In pleasures pleasaunt was my whole repaste,
 My youth me led deuoyde of compasse quite,
 And vices were so rooted in at last:
 That to recure the euill it past my might.
 For who so doth with will and pleasure fight,
 Though all his force do strue them to withstande,
 Without good grace they haue the upper hande.

What licoure first, the earthen pot doth take:
 It keepeth still the sauour of that same.
 Full hard it is a cramocke straight to make:
 Or crooked logges, with wainscot line to frame:
 'Tis hard to make the cruell Tiger tamer:
 And so it fares with those haue vices caught,
 Naught once (they say) and ener after naught.

I speake

I speake not this as though it past all cure,
 From vices vile, to vertue to retire:
 But this I saye if vice be once in vye,
 The more you shall, to quite your selfe require,
 The more you plunge your selfe in fulsome myze.
 As he that strives in soake quicke syztes of sande,
 Still sinkes scarce neuer comes againe to lande.

The giftes of grace may nature overcome,
 And God may graunt both time and leaue repent:
 Yet I did more in laps of lewdnes runne,
 And last my time in tyrauntes trade I spent.
 But who so doth, with bloudy actes content
 His minde, shall sure at last finde like againe:
 And feele for pleasures, thousand panges of paine.

For in the midst of those vntrusty toyles,
 When as I nothing fearde, but all was sure:
 With all my traine, I hunting rode for spoyle
 Of them, who after did my death procure:
 Those lewde delightes did boldly me allure,
 To folow still and to pursue the chase:
 At last I came into a deserte place.

Besette with hilles, and monstrous rockes of stone,
 My company behinde, me lost, or stayde:
 The place was eke with hauty trees oregrowne
 So wisse, and wyeld it made me half asrayde,
 And straight I was to rauening wolues betrayde:
 Came out of caves, and dennes, & rockes amaine,
 There was I rent in pieces, kilde and flaine.

E

Alasse

The Tragoedye

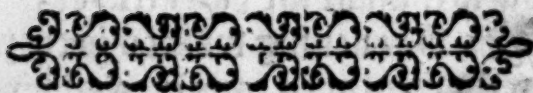
Alas that youth (in bayne) so byly spente,
Should euer cause a king to haue such ende:
Alas that euer I should here lament,
Or else should teache vnto my cost my frende:
Alas that fortune such mishap should sende:
But sicke it is to late for me to crie,
I wishe that others may take hede herebye.

I might full well by wisdoome shund this snare,
Tis sayde a wise man all mishap withstandes.
For though by starres we bozne to mischiues are:
Yet prudence bayles vs quite from carefull bandes,
Eche man (they say) his fate hath in his handes,
And what he makes, or marres to lese, or saue
Of good, or euill, is euen selfe do, selfe haue.

As here thou seest by me, that led my dayes
In vicious sorte, for greedy wolues a praye:
Warne others wpsely, than to guide their wayes
By mine example, wel eschue they may,
Such vices as may worke their own decay:
Which if they do, full well is spent the time
To warne, to wyte, and eke to reade this rime.

FINIS.

VWhen



WHen this was said, no more was Madan scene,
(If it were he) but sure I half suspecte
It was some other else, so seru'de had bene,
For that all stories do not so deteste
His death, or else I did perhaps neglecte
His tale, bicause that diuers stories brought,
Such fancies of his death into my thought.

Therefore although it be not as some write
Here pende by me, and yet as others haue:
Let it not greue thee read that I recite,
And take what counsaile of good life he gaue:
I trust I may (that dreame) some pardon craue,
For if the reste, no dreames but stories pen:
Can I for that they wryte be blamed then?

No sure, I thinke the readers will not giue
Such captious dome, as Momuserste did vse,
Though Zoilus impes as yet do carping liue:
And all good willing writers much misuse.
Occasion biddes me some such beastes accuse,
Yet for their bawling hurtes me not I nill:
But with my purpose, on procede I will.

Next after that, came one in princely raye
A worthy wight but yonge, yet felt the fall:
It seemde he had bene at some warlike fraye,
His breste was woundid wide and bloudy all:
And as to mynde he musde his factes to call,
Depe sighes he fet, made all his limmes to shake:
At length these wordes, or like to me he spake.

E ij

Manlius



Manlius declares how hee minding
to kill his brother for the kingdome, was
by him slayne. The yeare before
Christe. 1008.

If Fortune were so firme as she is frasse,
Or glosing glozie, were still permanent;
If no mishap our doings did assaile,
Or that our acts & factes were innocent,
If we in hope no hurt nor hatred ment:
Or dealing ay were done with dutie dewe,
We neuer could, our great misfortunes rewe.

If pompe were payne, and pride were not in price,
Or hawty seate had not the highest place,
If we could learne by others to be wise,
Or else eschew the daungers of our race:
If once we could the golden meane embrace,
Or banishe quite ambition from our breste:
We neuer nede to recke, or reape vnreste.

But O we thinke, such sweetenes in' renowne,
We deeme on earth, is all the greatest hap:
We nothing feare, the hurte of falling downe:
Or litle come, in Lady Fortunes lap,
We giue no heede, befoze we get the clap:
And then to late, we wishe we had bene wise:
When from the fall, we woulo and cannot rise.

As if

As if two twinnes, or children at the teate
Of Nurce, or mother both at once might be:
And both did strue, the better dugge to geate
Till one were downe, and lipt beside hir knee:
Euen so it fares, by others and by me
In Fortunes lap: we haue so litle holde,
She cannot stape, both striving if she would.

I am that Manlius, one of Madams sonnes,
Which thought to raigne and rule this noble Ile,
And would so done: but see what chaunce ther comes,
When bzethzen loue, and frendship quite exile.
Who thinks an other of his right beguyle,
Him selfe is soonest cleane bereaue of all:
In steade of rule, we reape the crop of thral.

My elder brother then Mempricius hight,
Whose haughty minde, and mine did euer square:
We euermore as foes hight other spite,
And deadly Ire in hatefull hartes we bare.
He sought alwayes he might to worke me care,
And each regarded others enuy so:
As after turnid both to painfull wo.

Because my father lou'de me well therfore,
My brother feared I should haue his right:
Likewise on fauour boldned I me boze,
And nether had in vertues wayes deliter:
What nede I here our inward griefes recite?
We not as bzethzen liu'de in hatred still,
And sought occasion other each to kill.

The Tragoëdie.

I for because I might obtaine the crowne:
And he for that he feared my fauoure, byed
Such friendship, as might alwayes kepe him downe,
And both depriue him of his crowne and head.
But when it chaunst, our father once was dead,
Then straight appeared all our enuy playne:
And I could not from mine attempt refraine.

See here, th'occasion of my haplesse happe,
See here, his chaunce that might haue liu'de ful wel:
So baited swete is euery deadly trapper:
In brauiste bowres, both deepest daunger dwell,
I thought mine elder from his right t'expell,
Though he both age; and custome forch did bring,
For tittle right: I sayd I would be king.

Some wishte we should, depart the realme in two,
And sayde my father eke was of that mynde:
But nether of vs both, that so would do,
We were not eche to other half so kinde,
And vile ambition made vs both so blinde:
We thought our raigne, could not be sure and good,
Except the ground therof were layde with blood.

Wherefore as eache did watch conuenient time,
For to commit this haynous bloody facte:
My selfe was taken not accusde of crime,
As if I had offendid any acte:
But he as one that witte and reason lackte,
Sayde traptour vile thou art to me vntrue:
And therewithall his bloody blade he drew.

Not

Not likes king, but like a cutthrote sell:
 Not like a brother, like a butcher brute:
 Though there no worse, then I deserved well:
 He gaue no time, to reason or dispute.
 To late it was, to make for life my suite:
 Take traytoure here (q he) thy whole deserte,
 And therewithall he thrust me to the harte.

Thus was I by my brutishe brother slayne:
 Which likewyse ment my brother for to kill,
 This oftentimes, they vse to get and gayne,
 Which do inuente anothers bloud to spill.
 Was neuer man pretended such an ill,
 But God to him like measure shortly sent:
 As he to others sette befoze had ment.

Uniuersall euer thynnes, as theues doe thie:
 And bloudthirstie cries for vengeaunce at his hande,
 Which all our rightes and wronges both dayly see:
 The good to ayde, and gracelesse to withstande:
 If either vice or vertue wee aband: :
 We either are rewarded, as we serue:
 Or else are plagued, as our deedes deserue.

Let this my warning then suffice eche sorte;
 Bid them beware, example here they see:
 It passeth playe, tis tragicall dispozte,
 To clime a step above their owne degree,
 For though they thinke good fortune seru'd not me;
 Yet did she vse me, as she vnde the rest:
 And so I thinke, she seruith euen the beste.

FINIS.

Exit.

The Authoure.

WHen Manlius had thus endid quite his tale,
He vanishte out of sight as did the reste:
And I perceiued straight a persone pale,
V Vhose throte was torne and blodied all his breste,
“ Shall I (q he) for audience make requeste,
“ No sure it nedes not, straunge it semes to thee:
“ V Vhat he that beares this rentid corps should bee.

“ V Wherefore I deeme thou canst not chuse but bide,
“ And here my tale as others erste before:
“ Sith by so straunge a meanes thou seest I dyde,
“ V Vith rentid throte and breste, thou must mores
“ Marke well (q he) my ratling voyce therefore,
And therwithall, this tale he gan to tell,
V Which I recite, though nothing nere so well.

Mempricius giuen all to luste, plea- sure and the sinne of Sodomie: telles

how he was deuoured with V Volues.

The year before Christe.

989.

Is often sayd a man should do likewyse
To other, as he would to him they bid:
Do as thou wouldest be done to, saich the wylse,
And do as conscience, and as iustice bid.
But he that mynnes for rule another cryd,
Must not his bandes with cruell bloud distayne:
For bloud doth alwayes cry for bloud agayne.

Ek

The lustfull life that sleepes in sinnes of Sinne
 Procures a plague, fy fy on Venus vyle
 The litle wot the mischief is therein,
 When we with poysons sweete our selues beguile:
 The pleasures passe, the ioyes indure but while,
 And nought therby at all we get or gaine:
 But dreadfull death, and everlasting paine.

Hee thinks thou lookist for to haue my name,
 And mustst what I am that thus do com:
 I would or this haue tolde it but for shame,
 Therefore to giue example yet to som:
 I will no longer sayne my selfe so dom,
 But sith I must as others tell their fall:
 Take here my name, my life, my death and all.

I am Mempricius, Madans eldest sonne,
 Once king of Britayne that my brother slewe:
 Therby the crowne, and kingdome all I won,
 And after nozigt vices moe that grewe.
 Not natures lawes, nor Gods, nor mans I knewe,
 But liu'de in lust not recking any thing:
 I deemde was nought vnlawfull for a king.

For when I had, my brother brought on beare,
 I thought in rest to keepe this kingdome long,
 And I was voyde of doubt, I had no feare:
 Was none durst checke me, did I right or wrong?
 I liu'de at larde, and thought my powre so strong:
 There could no man preuaile against my will,
 In steede of lawe that vled rigor still.

So after

The Tragœdie

So offer that I selle to slouthfull ease,
 A vice that breeds a number more besyde:
 I warr so testie none durst me displease
 And eke so puffed with glozy vaine and pride.
 My sencels sence as ship without a guide,
 Was tost with euery fancye of my baine:
 Like Phœbus chariot, vnder Phaetons raine.

I deemde them foes that me good counsaile gaue,
 And those my chiefest friends could glose and lye:
 I hated them that were so sage and graue,
 And those I lou'de were lussy, lewde and slye:
 I did the wisest wittes as fooles despye:
 Such sots, knaues, ruffians, roisters I embzast:
 As were vnwise, vnhonest, rude, vnchast.

I lusted eke as lothsome lechers vse,
 My subiects wiues and daughters at my will:
 I did so often as me please abuse,
 Perforce I kept them at my pleasure still.
 Thus gat I queanes, and concubines at fill:
 And for their sakes I put away my wyfe:
 Such was my lewdnes, lust, and lawlesse life.

But shame forbids me for to tell the rest,
 It me abhorres to shew what did insue:
 And yet because it moueth in my brest,
 Compunction still and was God wot to true:
 I will declare whence my destruction grue:
 To Sodomes sinne alas I fell and chan,
 I was despised, both of God and man.

Could I long prosper thus, do you suppose?
Might ought of euill exceede these vices told:
Thinke you theres any might on ground that goes,
Might scape reuenge, of vice so manifold:
No sure, who is in sinfulness so bolde,
His vices fare like weedes, they sproute so fast:
They kill the corpes, as weedes the corne at last.

My great outrage, my heeuelesse head, the life
I beastly led, could not continue soe,
My brothers bloud, my leauing of my wife:
And working of my frendes and subiects woe,
Crise still to God for my fowle ouerthroe: (case,
Which beares þ wrongd, he beedes their carefull
And at the length doth all their foes deface.

Pet I mistrusting no mishaps at hand,
(Though I were worthy twenty times to dye)
I lewdly liu'de, and did my wealch wichstande:
I neuer thought my ende was halfe sonye.
For my disport I rode on hunting I,
In woodes the fearefull hart I chased fast:
Till quite I lost my company at last.

And oz I wist, to cost I founde my foes,
By chauce I came, wher as the wolues they bred.
Which in a moment did me rounde inclose:
And mounted at my horse his throte, and head.
Some on his hinder parts their paunches es fed,
Pet fought I still to scape, if it might bee:
Till they my fainted horse, pulde downe with mee.

Then

The Tragœdie

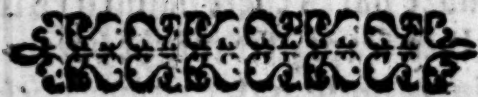
Then was I hopelesse to escape their iawes,
They fastned all their bolders fast on mee:
And on my royall robes they set their clawes,
My Princely presence, noz my highe degree,
Mou'de them no more obeylaunt for to bee,
Noz of my corps, to take no more remozce:
Then did the greuous groning of my hoise.

But rauenuously they rent, my bzeast and throte,
Fozsoke my skeede, came all at once and tare
My tender corps, from which they slepyde my coate.
And of my fleshe they made at all no spare:
They neuer left me till my bones were bare.
Lo thus I slewe my bzother, left my wife,
Liu'de vilely, and as vilely ended life.

Beware of bloudy bzoples, beware of wzong:
Embrace the counsaile of the wise and sage.
Trust not to powze, though it be nere so strong:
Beware of rashnes rude and roisters rage.
Escbew vile Venus toyes, she cuttes of age,
And learne this lesson of (and teach) thy frendes:
By pocks, death sodaine, begging, harlots ende.

FINIS.

The



ON this me thought he vanisht quite away,
 And I was left with Morpheus all alone:
VVhom I desirde these gryzely ghostes to stay,
 Till I had space to heare them one by one.
 And euen with that was Somnus seruauant gone,
VWhereby I slept and toke mine ease that night,
 And in the morning rose their tale to wrighte.

Nowe (Reader) if you thinke I misse my marke,
 In any thing whilere but stories tolde:
 You must consider that a simple clarke,
 Hath not such skill the effect of things t'vnfolde,
 But may with ease of wiser be controlde:
 Eke who so writes as much the like as this,
 May hap be deemde likewyse as much to misse.

VWherefore if these may not content your minde,
 As eche man cannot fauour all mens vaines:
 I pray you yet let me this frendship finde,
 Giue your good will, I craue nought els for paines.
VWhich if you grutch me, as to great a gaines:
 Then is my loue to you, and labour lost,
 And you may learne take heede, with greater cost.

But now me thinkes I heare the carpers tell,
 Saith one, the writer wanted wordes to fill:
 The next reprou'd the verse not couched well:
 The third declares, where lackte a point of skill:
 Some others say they like the meeter ill.
 But what of this? shall these dismay mee quite?
 No sure, I will not cease for such to write.

For

The Authour.

For with more ease, in other workes they finde
A fault, then take vpon them selues to pen
So much, and eke content eche readers minde:
How should my verse craue all their likings then?
Sith sondry are the sects of diuers men:
I must endeouour only those to please,
VVhich like that comes, so it be for their ease.

The rest I recke as they blame worthy bee,
For if the words I wrote for good intent:
Take other sence then they receiue of mee,
Be turnde to worse, torne, reached racktor rent
Or hackt and hewde, not constret as I ment:
The blame is theirs, which with my workes so mell:
Lesse faulty he, that wisht his country well.

If some be pleasde and easde, I leaue no toyse,
At carpers gyrdle hangs not all the keyes:
VVhat price gaines he, that giues him fall or foyle,
VVhich neuer wan by wrastring any prayse,
I haue not spent in pœtrye my dayes,
Some other workes in proase I printed haue:
And more I write for which I ley sure saue.

And for mine age not thirty yeares hath past,
No style so rype can yonger yeares attaine.
For of them all, but only ten the last,
To learne the tongues, and write I toke the paine,
If I thereby receiued any gaine,
By Frenche or Latine chiefly which I chose,
These fīue yeares past by writing I disclose.

Of which

Of which, the first two yeares I Grammer taught:
 The other twaine, I Huloets worke enlargde:
 The last translated Aldus phrases fraught
 VVith eloquence, and toke of Terence charg
 At Printers hande, to adde the flowers at large
 VVhich wanted there, in Vdalles worke before:
 And wrotethis booke with other diuers more.

Then pardon whats amisse, a while giue care,
 So shall you heare the rest that I recite,
 Describing next what Princes did appeare:
 VVhen I had ended these are past to wrighte.
 In slomber as I chaunst to lye one night,
 VVas Somnus prest, whom I desyrde to sende
 His Morpheus ayde, these Tragedies to ende.

VVherewith he graunted my request and calde
 For Morpheus straight: which knew wherto he came
 I will (q he) the rest, vvhom Fortune thralde
 Of Britaynes shewe: thy selfe to heare them frame.
 And therewithall he fet forth one like Fame.
 In fethers all vvith vvings so finely dight,
 As twere a birde, in humaine shape of flight.

Yet twas not Fame that femme of painted plume,
 He rather seemed Icarus deceau'de,
 VVith vvings to flye nighe Phoebus did presume.
 At length in deede I plainly well perceau'de,
 It vvas some king of vitall breath bereau'de,
 From flight he fell presuming farre to hyc:
 Giue care take heede and learne not so to flye.

Bladud

Bladud recyteth how he practyzing
by curious artes to flye, fell and brake
his necke, The yeare before Christe.
844.



Shall I rehearse, likewise my name?
And eke a place amongst them fill,
Which at their endes to mischief came?
Sith Morpheus bids me so, I will.

And that because I see thee minde,
To write my storie fate and fall,
Such curious heads it reade and finde:
May flee to flye, and shunne my thzall.

If daunger teach them liue take heed:
If leasers harme, make lookers wyse:
If warines, do safetie bzeede,
Dz wzacke make saylers, shelues dispise.

Then may my hurt, glue sample sure:
My losse of life may lokers learne:
My warning may beware procure,
To such as daunger scarce discerne.

I am that Bladud Britaine king,
Rudhudebras his eldest sonne,
Did learning first to England bring:
And other wonders moze were done.

Howe

Now giue me eare, and after wyte:
Marke well my life, example take:
Eschue the euill that I recite,
And of my death a mymour make.

In youth I gaue my minde to loze,
For I in learning tooke repaste:
No earthly pleasure likte me moze,
I went to Athens at the last.

A towne in Greece, whose fame went forth
Through all the world his name was spred:
I counted knowledge so much worth,
His only loue to Greece me led.

There first of all the artes of seuen,
Wherein befoze I had small skill:
I Grammer gate declares the seuen,
By rule to speake, and wyte at will.

Next after that in Rhetorike fine,
Which teacheth how the talke to spyle:
I gate some knowledge in short time,
And coulde perswade within a whyle.

I thirdly learned Logicke well,
An arte that teacheth to dispute:
To aunswere wisely or refell,
Distinguishe, proue, disproue, confute.

I Then

14. 107 The Tragœdie

Then after that, of number, I
The skilfull arte likewise attaine:
Wherin of Mathematickes lie,
Full many pointes I after gainde.

And Musicke milde I lernde that telles,
Tune, tyme, and measure of the song:
A science swete the reste excelles,
For melody hir notes among.

But strictly I the dame of artes,
Geometric of great engine
Employde, with all hir skilfull partes:
Therby some greater giftes to winne.

So laste I lernde Astronomic,
A lofey arte that passe them all:
To knowe by motions of the skye,
And fixed starres, what chaunce might fall.

This pleasaunt arte allured me,
To many fonde inuentions then:
For iudgements of Astrologie,
Delites the mindes of wisest men.

So doth the arte Phisiognomic,
Dependes on iudgment of the face:
And that of Metoposcopic,
Which of the forehead telles the grace.

And

And Chiromancie by the hande,
Consecures of the inward minde:
Eke Geomancie by the lande,
Doth diuers many farlies finde.

Augurium eke was vſe of olde
By byrdes of future things preſagde:
And many things therby they tolde,
Were ſkilfull, learned, wyſe and agde.

But Magicke for it, ſeemid ſweete,
And full of wonders made me muſe:
For many feates I thought it meete,
And pleaſaunt for a Prince to uſe.

Three kindes there are, for natures ſkill,
The firſt they Naturall do name:
In which by herbes and ſtones they will,
Worke wonders things, are worthy fame.

The next is Mathematicall,
Where Magike workes by nature ſo:
That braſen heads make ſpeake it ſhall,
Of woode birdes, bodies flye, and go.

The thirde Veneficall by right,
Is named for by it they make:
The ſhapes of bodies chaunge in ſight,
And other ſozmes on them to take.

The Tragœdie

What neede I tell what Theurgie is,
Or Necromancie you despise:
A diuelishe arte, the feedes by this,
Seeme calde, and coniurde to arise.

Of these too much I learned then,
By those such secrete artes profess:
For of the wise and skillfull men,
Whome Fame had praised I gate the best.

They promist for to teach me so,
The secretes of dame natures skill:
That I neede neuer taste of woe,
But alwayes might foresee it still.

Wherfore enflamed with their loue,
I brought away the best I could:
From Greece to Britayne lande to proue,
What feates for me deuise they would.

Of which were foure Philosophers,
For passing skill excelde the rest:
Phisitions and Astronomers,
In Athens all they were the best.

My father harde of my retourne,
Of my successe in learning there:
And how the Grecians did adourne,
My wittes with artes that worthy were.

the

He berde likewyse what store I brought,
Of learned Greekes from Atticke soyle:
And of my labour learning sought,
With study, traunayle, payne and toyle.

I likewyse heard he buylded here,
Thre townes while absent thence was I:
By South he foundid VVinchester,
By East he built Cantorbury.

By West full highe he built the last,
On hill from waters deepe belowe:
Calde Shaftesbury on rockes full fast,
It standes and giue to Seas a shoue.

These causde we both might well reioyce
He for because I gate such fame:
And I, for that by all mennes boyce,
His factes deseru'de immortall name.

What nedes much talke, the peres and all
The commons eke with one assent:
Extold my name especiall,
Which had my youth in learning spent.

I was receau'de with triumphes great,
With pageauntes in eache towne I past:
And at the court my princely seate,
Was by my fachers ioyued fast.

34. The Tragœdie

The nobles then desir'de to haue,
On me their children wayte and tende:
And royall giftes with them me gaue,
As might their powres therto extende.

But here began my cause of care,
As all delightes at length haue ende:
Be mixte with woes our pleasures are,
Amidste my ioyes, I lost a frende.

My father, nyne and twenty yeares,
This time had raignde & held the crowne:
As by your Chyonicles appeares,
When fates, on vs began to frowne.

For euen amidst his most of ioye,
As youth, and strength and honours fade:
Soze sickenes did him long anoye,
At laste, of life an ende it made.

Then was I chose king of this lande,
And had the crowne as had the rest:
I bare the scepter in my handes,
And sworde that all our foes opprest.

Eke for because the Greckes did bide,
We well in Grece at Athens lide:
I had those foure I broughte to chuse,
A place that I might dedicate.

To all

To all the Muses and their artes,
To learnings vse for euer more:
Which when they sought in diuers partes,
At last they found a place therfore.

Amidst the realme it lies welnighe,
As they by art and skill did proue:
An healthfull place not lowe nor highe,
An holsome soyle for their behoue.

With water streames, & springs for welles:
And medowes sweete, and valeyes grene:
And woods, groaues, quarries, al thing else
For studentes weale, or pleasure bene.

When they reported this to me,
They prayde my grace that I would builde,
Them there an Uniuersitie,
The frutes of learning for to yelde.

I buylte the scholes, like Attikes then,
And gaue them landes to maintayne those:
Which were accounted learned men,
And could the groundes of artes disclose.

The towne is called Stamford yet,
There stande the walles vntill this dayer:
Foundations eke of scholes I set,
Bide yet (not maintaine) in decaye.

1510

If ity

Wherby

The Tragoedic.

Whereby the lande receau'd store,
Of learned clarkes long after that:
But nowe giue eare I tell thee more,
And then my fall, and great mishap.

Because that time Apollo was,
Surmisoe the God that gaue vs wit:
I builte his temple braue did passe,
At Troynouant the place is yet.

Some saye I made the battes at Bathe:
And made therfore two tunnes of bzasse:
And other twayne seuen saltes that haue
In them, but these be made of glasse

With sulphur filde, and other things,
Wylde fire, saltgem, salte peter eke:
Salte armoniake, salte Alchime,
Salte commune, and salte Arabecke.

Salte niter mixt with the rest,
In these fowre tunnes by portions right:
Fowre welles to lape them in were dresse,
Wherin they boyle, both daye and night.

The water springes them round about,
Doth rylse for aye and boyleth still:
The tunnes within and eke without,
Do all the welles with vapours fill.

So that

So that the heate and clensing powze,
Of Sulphur and of salts and fyre:
Doth make the bathes eche pointed houre,
To helpe the sickly health desyre.

These bathes to soften sinewes haue,
Great vertue and to scoure the skin:
From Morpew white, and black to saue,
The bodie's faint, are bathed therein.

For Leppe, Scabs, and sores are olde,
For Scurfes, and Botch, and Humors fall:
The bathes haue vertues manyfolde,
If God giue grace to cure them all.

The ioyntes are swelbe, and hardned mistee:
And hardned liuer, palseis paine,
The Pore and Itche, if worke thou wilt,
By helpe of God it heales againe.

Shall I renege I made them then?
Shall I denye my cunning founde?
By helpe I had of learned men,
Those worthy welles in gratefull grounde?

I will do so: for God gaue grace,
Whereby I knew what nature wrought:
And lent me lore to finde the place,
By wisdom where those welles I sought.

Which

The Tragœdie.

Which once confest to here my harme,
Eschewe the like if thou be wiser:
Let neuer will thy wife becharme,
Or make the change of kinde deuise.

For if the fishe would learne to goe,
And leaue to swim against his oare:
When he were quite the waters fro,
He could not swim you may be sure.

Or if the beast would learne to flie,
That had no plumes by nature lent:
And get him wynges as earst did I,
Would not thinke you in him repent?

Though Magike Mathematicall,
Make wooden birdes to flye and soare:
The brassen heads that speake they shall,
And promise many marueilles more.

Yet lieth it swarues from Natures will,
As much as these that I recite:
Refuse the fondnes of such skill,
Doth ay with death the prouise requite.

I deemde I could more soner frame,
My selfe to flye then birdes of wood:
And ment to get eternall fame,
Which I esteemde the greatest good.

I becke

I deckt my selfe with plumes and wynges,
As here thou seest in skilfull wise:
And many equall popling thinges,
To ayde my flight, to fall or rise.

Thou thinkste an arte that selborne blde,
In hand I tooke, and so it was:
But we no daunger then refuse,
So we might bying our feates to passe.

By practise at the length I could,
Gainst stoz of wynde with ease arise:
And then which way to light I should,
And mount, and turne I did devise.

Which learned but not perfectly,
Befoze I had therof the sleight:
I flew aloft but downe fell I,
For want of skill againe to light.

Upon the temple earst I built,
To God Apollo, downe I fell:
In siters bzoisde for such a guilt,
A iust reuenge requited well.

For what should I presume to bidge,
Against the course of nature quite
To take me wynges and tye to fyre,
A foole no fowle in fethers dight.

113

As leare

The Tragœdie

As learning founds and cunning finds,
To such haue wit the same to vse:
So she confounds, and marres the minds,
Of those her secrets seeme t'abuse.

Well then deserets requirde my fall,
Presumption proude, depriu'de my breath:
Renowne bereft my life and all,
Desire of prayse, procure my death:

Do let allureing arts alone,
They pleasaunt seeme yet are they baynes:
Amongst an hundred scarce is one,
Doth ought thereby but labour gaine.

Their cunning castes are crafty cares,
Deuices bayne deuise by men:
Such witched wiles are Sathans snares,
To traine in fooles, despise them then.

Their wisdome is but wily wile,
Their sagenes is but subtiltie:
Darke dreames deuise for fooles arte,
And such as practise pampestry.

Thou seest my fall and eke the cause,
Unwisely I good giftes abuse:
Lo here the hurt of learned sawes,
If they be wrested or misused.

etna 22

Then

Then wyte my story with the rest,
 Day pleasure when it comes to bewe:
 Take heede of counsayles all is best,
 Beware, take heede farewell adieu.

Farewell, will students keepe in minde,

ὄν ἀρετὰ καὶ ἐργαί

Els may they chaunce like fate to finde,

For why, τοῖς κακοῖς τῆς κακῆ.

ΤΕΛΟΣ.
 See what it is to practise diuinitye
 for by my fall & waine you flyng smarted

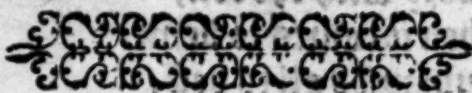
The Authour.

WHen Bladud thus had ended quite his tale,
 And tolde his life as you haue heard before:
 He toke his flight and then a Lady pale,
 Appeard in sight, beraide with bloudy gore:
 In hande a knife of sanguine dye she bore:
 And in her breste a wounde was pearced wyde,
 So freshly bledde, as if but than she dyde.

She staide a while, her coulour came and went,
 And doubtful was that would haue tolde hir paine:
 In wofull sort she seemed to lament,
 And could not vvel her tongue from talke refraine.
 For vvhy her griefes vnfolde she vvould right faine,
 Yet bashfull vvas: at length an ende to make,
 Hir Morpheus wild, and then thus wyse she spake.

Cordile

The Tragoedye



Cordila shewes how by despaire
when she was in prison she slue her self.

The yere before Christ, 800.

If any wofull wight haue cause, to waile her woe:
O griefes are past do picke vs princes tel our fal:
My selfe likewise must needes constrainede ke do so,
And shew my like misfortunes & mishaps withall.
Should I keepe close my beaup haps and thral?
Then did I wrong: I wrongde my selfe and thee,
Which of my facts, a witnes true maist bee.

A woman yet must blushe when bashfull is the case,
Though truth bid tell the tale and story as it fell:
But sith that I mislike not audience, time, nor place
Therefore I cannot still keepe in my counsaile well:
No greater ease of hart then griefes to tell,
It daunteth all the dolours of our minde,
Our carefull hartes therby great comfort finde.

For why to tell that may recounted be againe,
And tell it as our cares may compasse ease:
That is the salue and medicine of our paine,
Which cureth coslies all and sores of our disease:
It doth our pinching panges, and paines appeale:
It pleades the part of an assured frende,
And telles the trade, like vices to amende.

Therefore

Therefore if I more willing be to tell my fall,
 And shew mishaps to ease my burdened brest and minde,
 That others haply may auoide and shunne like thral,
 And thereby in distresse more ayde and comfort finde.
 They may keepe measure where as I declinde,
 And willing be to flye like huite and blame:
 As I to tell, or thou to wypte the same.

For sich I see thee prest to heare that wilt recorde,
 What I Cordila tell to ease my inward smart:
 I will recite my storie tragically ech worde,
 To thee that giu'st an eare to heare and ready art,
 And lest I set the horse behinde the cart,
 I minde to tell eche thing in order so,
 As thou maiste see and shewe whence sprang my wo.

My grandsyre Bladud hight, that found the Baches by,
 A fethered king that practisoe for to flye and soare:
 Whereby he felt the fall God wot against his will,
 And neuer went, roade, raigne nor spake, nor flew no more
 Who dead his sonne my father Leire therefore,
 Was chosen king, by right apparent beyre.
 Which after built the towne of Leircestere.

He had thre daughters, first and eldest hight Gonerell:
 Next after hir, my sister Ragan was begote:
 The third and last was, I the yongest namde Cordell,
 And of vs all, our father Leire in age did dote.
 So minding hir that lou'de him best to note,
 Because he had no sonne t'entoye his lande:
 He thought to giue, where fauoure most he fand.

What

The Tragoedye

What though I youngest were, yet men me iudge moze wise
Then either Gonorell, or Ragan had moze age,
And fairer farre: wherefoze my sisters did despise
My grace, and gistes, and sought my prayse t'aswage:
But yet though vice gainst vertue die with rage,
It cannot keepe her vnderneath to drowne,
But still she flittes aboue, and reaps renoune.

Yet nathelasse, my father did me not mislike:
But age so simple is, and easy to subdue:
As childhode weake, thats boide of wit and reason quiter:
They thinke thers nought, you flatter sainde, but all is true:
Once olde and twyse a childe, tis said with you,
Which I affirme by prooffe, that was definde:
In age my father had a childlike minde.

He thought to wed vs vnto nobles thre, or Peres:
And vnto them and theirs, deuide and part the lande:
For both my sisters first he sent as first their yeares
Requirde their mindes, and loue, and fauour t'vnderstand.
(Quoth he) all doubttes of duty to abande,
I must assaye and eke your friendships proue:
Now tell me eche how much you do me loue.

Which when they answered, they lou'de him well and moze
Then they themselues did loue, or any worldly wight:
He praysed them and sayd he would agayne therefore,
The louing kindnes they deseru'de in fine requite:
So founde my sisters fauour in his sight,
By flattery sayze they won their fathers hart:
Which after turned, him and mee to smart.

But

But not content with this he minded me to proue,
 For why he wanted was to loue me wonders wel:
 How much dost thou (q he) Cordile thy father loue
 I wil (sayd I) at once my loue declare and tell:
 I lou'de you euer as my father well,
 No otherwyle, if more to know you craue:
 We loue you chiefly for the goodes you haue.

Thus much I said, the more their flattery to detect
 But he me answered therunto again with Tre,
 Because thou dost thy fathers aged yeare neglect,
 That lou'de þ more of late thē thy defects require,
 Thou neuer shalt, to any part aspire
 Of this my realme, among thy sisters twayne,
 But euer shalt vndotid ay remayne.

Then to the king of Albany for wife he gaue
 My sister Gonerell, the eldest of vs all:
 And eke my sister Ragan for Hinnine to haue,
 Which then was Prince of Camber & Cornwall:
 These after him should haue his kingdome all
 Betwene them both, he gaue it franke and free:
 But nought at all, he gaue of dowry mee.

At last it chaunst þ king of Fraunce to here my fame,
 My beuty braue, was blazed al abroad eche where:
 And eke my vertues praisde me to my fathers blame
 Did for my sisters flattery me lesse fauour beare.
 Which when this worthy king my wrongs did heare,
 He sent ambassage likte me more then life,
 C'intreate he might me haue to be his wife.

The Tragœdie.

My father was content with all his harte, and sayde,
He gladly should obtaine his whole request at will
Concerning me, if nothing I therein denyde:
But yet he kept by their intisment hatred still,
(Quoth he) your prince his pleasure to fulfill,
I graunt and giue my daughter as you craue:
But nought of me for dowry can she haue.

King Aganippus well agreed to take me so,
Hee deemed that vertue was of dowries all the best:
And I contented was to Fraunce my father from
For to depart, & hope to enioy some greater rest.
I married was, and then my ioyes encrease,
A gate more fauoure in this Prince his sight,
Then euer Princeesse of a princely wight.

But while y I these ioyes enioyd, at home in Fraunce,
My father Leire in Britayne waxed aged olde,
My sisters yet them selues the more aloft t'aduance,
Thought well they might, be by his leaue, or sans so bolde:
To take the realme and rule it as they wolde.
They rose as rebels boyde of reason quite,
And they deppriu'd him of his crowne and right.

Then they agreed, it should be into partes equall
Deuided: and my father thre score knights & squires
Should alwayes haue, attending on him still at call.
But in sixe monthes so much encreased hateful Ires,
That Gonerell denyde all his desires,
So halfe his garde he and her husband refter:
And scarce alowde the other halfe they lefte.

¶ The

Eke as in Scotlande thus he lay lamenting fates;
 When as his daughter so, sought all his better spoyle;
 The meaner bystart gentles, thought them selues his mates
 And better eke, see here an aged Prince his soyle.
 Then was he sayne for succoure his, to toyle.
 With all his knightes, to Cornwall there to lye:
 In greatest nede, his Ragans loue to trie.

And when he came to Cornwall, Ragan then with sope,
 Receiued him and eke his husband did the like:
 There he abode a yeare and liu'd without anoy,
 But then they tooke, all his retinue from him quite
 Saue only ten, and shewde him dayly spite,
 Which he bewailde complaining durst not strue,
 Though in disdayne they last alowde but fure.

On this he deemde him selfe, was far that time bntwysse,
 When from his daughter Gonerell to Ragan hee:
 Departed erste yet each did him pooze king despise,
 Wherfore to Scotlande once againe with him to bee
 And bide he went: but beastly cruell shee,
 Bereau'd him of his seruantes all saue one,
 Bad him content him selfe with that or none.

Eke at what time he aske of each to haue his garde,
 To garde his grace where so he walkte or wente:
 They calde him dotting foole and all his bestes debarde,
 Demanded if with life he could not be contente.
 Then he to late his rigour did repent,
 Gainst me and sayde, Cordila nowe adieu:
 I finde the wordes thou toldst me to to true.

The Tragœdie

And to be short, to Fraunce he came alone to mee,
And tolde me how my sisters him our father vsde:
Then I besought my king with teares vpon my knee,
That he would aide my father thus by them misusde
Who nought at all my humble beste refusde:
But sent to euery coaste of Fraunce for ayde,
Wherwith my father home might be conueide.

The soldours gathered from eche quarter of þ land,
Came at the length to know the king his mind & wil:
Who did commit them to my fathers aged hand,
And I likewise of loue and reuerent mere goodwill
Desirde my king, he would not take it ill,
If I departed for a space withall:
To take a parte, or ease my fathers thral.

This had: I partid with my father from my fere,
We came to Britayne with our royal campe to fight:
And manly fought so long our enemies vāquishd were
By martial feates, & force by subiects sword & might.
The Brityshe kinges were faine to yelde our right,
And so my father well this realme did guide,
Thzee yeares in peace and after that he diide.

Then I at Leircester in Ianus temple made,
His tombe and buried there his kingly regall coyle,
As sondry tymes in life before he often hade:
For of our fathers will we then did greatly force,
We had of conscience eke so much remorze,
That we supposde those childzens liues to ill:
Which brake their fathers testament, and will.

And

And I was Queene the kingdome after still to holde,
Till five yeares past I did this Island gupde:
I had the Britaynes at what becke and bay I wolde,
Till that my louing king mine Aganippus dyde.
But then my seate it faltered on eache syde,
Two churlishe Impes began with me to Jarre,
And for my crowne wagde with mee mortall warre.

The one hight Morgan th'elder sonne of Gonerell
My sister, and that other Conidagus hight
My sister Ragans sonne, that lou'de me neuer well:
Both nephewes mine, yet would against mee Cordell fight
Because I lou'de alwayes that seemed right:
Therefore they hated mee, and did pursue,
Their aunte and Queene as she had bene a Jewe.

This Morgane was that time the Prince of Albany,
And Conidagus king of Cornewale and of VVales:
Both which, at once prouided their artillery,
To worke me wofull wo, and mine adherentes bales:
What nede I fill thynne eares with longer tales?
They did preuayle by might and powre so fast
That I was taken prisoner at last.

In spitefull sorte, they vsed then my captiue corse,
No fauour shewde to me, extincte was mine estate:
Of kindred, princeesse blood, or pere was no remoyce,
But as an abiecte vile and worse they did me hate,
To lie in darksome dongeon was my fate:
As t'were a chiefe mine answers to abide,
Gainst right and iustice, vnder Naylours gupde.

The Tragoëdie

For libertie at length I said, to subiectes were:
But they kept me in prison close deuoyde of truste,
If I might once escape, they were in dreade and feare,
Their fawning frendes with me would proue vnttrue & iust:
They told me take it patiently I must,
And be contented that I had my life:
Sith with their mothers I began the strife.

Wherby I sawe might nothing me preuaile to pray,
Or pleade, or proue, defende, excuse or pardon craue,
They herde me not, despisoe my plaintes, sought my decay,
I might no law, nor loue, nor right, nor iustice haue
No frendes, no faith, nor pitie could me saue:
But I was from all hope of licence barde,
Condemne my cause like neuer to be herde.

Was euer lady in such wofull wreckfull wo:
Depriu'de of princely powre, bereft of libertie,
Depriu'de in all these worldly pompes, hir pleasures fro,
And brought from wealch, to nede distresse, and miser y:
From palace proude, in prison pooze to lye:
From kingdomes twayne, to dungion one no moze:
From Ladies wayting, vnto berraine stoze.

From light to darke, from holson appre to lothsom smell:
From odow sweete, to sweate: from ease, to grienous payne:
From light of princely wights, to place where theues do dwell:
From deinty beddes of downe, to be of strawe full fayne:
From bowres of heauenly bewe, to denues of dayne:
From greatest haps, that worldly wights atchieue:
To moze distresse then any wretche alieue.

When

When first I left the crowne of Fraunce, did me exalte,
 And eke my noble king, myne Aganippus true:
 And came to England for their heynous factes, and faulte:
 Which from his right and kingdom quite our father threwe,
 To take this realme, to raigne and treason knew:
 I thinke of all my fortunes was the worst,
 Or else I deeme, was some of vs accurst.

For marke my haplesse fall that drawes at length to ende,
 As in this pyson vile, on liue I lingering laye:
 When I had mourned long, but founde no faithfull frende
 That could me helpe, or ayde, or comforte any way,
 Was seru'd at meate, as those their kings betray,
 With fare God wot was simple, bare and thinne,
 Could not sustayne the corpes it entred in.

And when the sighes, & teares, & plaintes nigh burst my hart,
 And place, and stench and fare nigh poysond euery pore:
 For lacke of frendes to tell my leas of giltlesse sinarte,
 And that mine eyes had swozne to take swete slepe no more,
 I was content sich cares opprest me sore,
 To leaue my foode, take mourning plaintes & crye,
 And lay me downe, let grieve and nature trie.

Thus as I pyning lay my carcas on couch of straw
 And felt þ payne erst neuer creature earthly knew:
 We thought by night a gryzely ghost in darkes I sawe,
 Eke perer still to me with stealing steps she drew.
 She was of colour pale, a deadly hewe:
 Her clothes resembled thousand kindes of thzall,
 And pictures playne, of hastened deaches withall.

The Tragœdie

I musing lay in paynes and wondred what she was,
Mine eye stode still, myne haire rose vp for feare an end.
My flethe it shoke and trembled: yet I cryde alas,
What wight art thou, a foe or else what fawning frende?
If death thou art, I praye thee make an end:
But th'arte not death: art thou some furr sent?
My wofull corps with paynes to more torment:

With that she spake: I am (q she) thy frend Despaire
Which in distresse eache worldy wight with speede do ayde:
I rid them from their foes, if I to them repayre,
To long from thee by other captiues was I stayde.
Now if thou arte to die no whit affrayde,
Here shalt thou choose of instrumentes, bebolde:
Shall ride thy restlesse life, of this be bolde.

And therewithall she spred her garmentes lap asyde,
Under the which a thousand thinges I sawe with eyes:
Both knyues, sharpe swordes, poyadoes all bedyde.
With bloud, and poysons prest which she could well deuise.
There is no hope (q she) for thee to ryse,
And get thy crowne or libertie againe:
But for to liue, long lasting pining payne.

Loe here (q she) the blade that Did' of Carthage bighte,
Whereby she was from thousand panges of paine let passe:
With this shee slewe her selfe, after Aeneas flight:
When he to sea from Tyrian shores departed was,
Do chouse of these thou seest from woes to passe,
Or bid the ende prolong thy painefull dayes,
And I am pleasoe from thee to get my wayes.

With

With that was I (poore wretch) content to take the knife,
 But doubtfull yet to dye, and fearfullaine would bide:
 So still I laye in study with my selfe at bate and strife,
 What thing were best of both these deepe extreames butride.
 My hope all reasons of dispayre denide,
 And she againe replide to proue it best
 To die, for still in life my woes increast.

She calde to minde, the ioyes in Fraunce I whilom had:
 She tolde me what a troupe of Ladies was my trayne,
 And how the Lordes of Fraunce & Britaynes both were glad,
 Of late to wayte on mee and subiects all were fayne.
 She could I had bin Queene of kingdomes twayne,
 And how my nephewes had my seate and crowne:
 I could not ryle, for euer fallen downe.

A thousand thinges, beside recited then dispaire:
 She could the woes in warres, that I had heapt of late:
 Rehearse the pryson vile, in steepe of Pallace faire:
 My lodging low and mouldy meates my mouth did hate,
 She shewde me all the dongeon where I sate,
 The dankeish walles, the darkes and bad me smell:
 And bide the saour if I likt it well.

Whereby I wretch deuoyde of comfort quite and hope,
 And pleasures past comparde with present paynes I had:
 For fatall knife slipt forth my fearfull hand did grope,
 Dispaire in this to ayde my sencelesse lunnies was glad,
 And gaue the blade to ende my woes she bad.
 I will (quoth I) but first with all my hart:
 Ile pray to Gods, reuenge my wofull smart.

If any

The Tragœdie

If any wrong deserue the wrecke I praye you skyes,
And starres of light, if you my wofull plight do rue:
O Phoebus cleare I thee beseech and praye likewise,
Beare witness of my plaints well knowne to Gods are true.
You see from whence these iniuries they grue,
Then let like vengeance hap and light on those:
Which undeserued were my deadly foes.

God graunt a mortall strife betwene them both may fall,
That one the other may without remorse distroye:
That Conidagus may, his cousin Morgan thral,
Because he first decreast my wealth, bereft my toye.
I praye you Gods he neuer be a Roy.
But caitife may be payde with such a frende:
As shortly may him bring, to sodayne ende.

Farewell my Realme of Fraunce, farewell Adieu:
Adieu mes nobles tous, and England now farewell:
Farewell Madames my Ladies, car ie suis perdu:
Il me fault aler desesperer m' adonne conseil
De me tuer, no more pour Queene farewell.
My nephewes mee oppresse with maine and might,
A captiue pooze, gainst iustice all and right.

And therewithal the light did faile my dazeling eyne,
I nothing sawe saue sole Dispayre bad mee dispatch,
Whom I behelde, she caught the knife from me I weene,
And by hir elbowe carian death for me did watch.
Come on (quoth I) thou hast a goodly catch,
And therewithall Dispayre the stroke did strike:
Whereby I dyde, a damned creature like.

Which

Which I alasſe lament, bid thoſe alſiue beware,
Let not the loſſe of goodes or honour them conſtrayne,
To play the fooles, and take ſuch carefull carke and care,
Or to diſpaire for any pyſon pine and payne.
If they be gilleſſe let them ſo remayne,
Farre greater folly is it for to kill,
Theſelues diſpayning, then is any ill.

Sich firſt thereby their enemies haue, that they deſire:
By which they proue to deadly foes vnwares a frende:
And next they cannot liue, to former bliſſe t'aspyre
If God do bring their foes in time to ſodayne ende:
They laſtly as the damned wretches ſende,
Their ſoules to hell, when as they undertake
To kill a corps: which God did liuely make.

FINIS.

The



The Authour.

NOW when this desperate Queene had ended thus
Hir tale, and told what haplesse grace she had:
As of hir talke some pointes I did discusse,
In slomber faine I waxed wondrous sad,
Hir nephewes dealings were me thought to bad:
VVhich greu'de me much, but Morpheus bad let bee,
And therewithall presented one to mee,

Of stature tall a worthy princely wight,
In countenaunce he seemde yet mourning still:
His complet harnesse not so braue in fight,
Nor sure as ours, made now adayes by I kill:
But clumpt together, ioynts but ioyned ill:
Vnfit, vnhandsome, heauy, hounge, and plaine,
Vnweldy wearing, ratling like a chaine.

VVherthrough he had receu'de a deadly stroake,
By sworde, or other instrument of warre,
And downe his thighes the bloud by sithes did soake
VVhich I perceiued as he came a farre.
Now sith (quoth he) to heare you present are:
I will declare my name, life, factes and fall-
And therewith thus he gan to tell it all,

**Morgan telles how he waging
warre with his cosin Conidagus was
slaine at the place yet called Glamorgan,
The yeare before Christ. 766.**

I wot

Not not well what reasons I may vse,
To quyte my selfe from blame, blame worthy I:
Therefore I must perforce my selfe accuse,
I am in fault I can it not denye.

Remorse of conscience, pickes my hart so nye,
And me tormentes with panges of pinching paine:
I can no longer, me from speach refraine.

I am that Morgan sonne of Gonerell,
Th'ungratefull daughter, of her father Leire:
Which from his kingdome did him once expell,
As by the Brityshe stories may appeare.
Ragan, and thee conspir'de both sisters were,
But were subdude againe, and causoe to yeld
Their fathers crowne, Cordila wan the field.

I neede not here the stories all recite,
It were to long but yet I brieely shall,
The cause Cordila ought hir sisters spite,
Was they procure hir, and their fathers thall:
Yet t'was hir chaunce at length t'out liue them al,
Both sisters elder, and hir father graue:
And eke at length the kingdome all to haue.

That tyme was I of Albany the king,
Calde Scotland now and eke my cosin then
Of Cornewall and of VVales, whom I did bying
To warre against Cordila and her men.
Wee said we would our title winne agen:
And that because our mothers had it yore,
Wee ment to get it ours againe therefore.

I must

The Tragoedye

I must confesse I was the cause of warre,
I was not please with that was latted mee:
Euen to our mindes Ambitious often ar,
And blinded that we cannot reason see.
Wee thinke no men, but Gods on earth we bee,
Yet worse are we then beastes, which knowe their kinde:
For we haue nought but mischiefe ofc in minde.

We thinke if so we may our willes attaine:
By right, or wrong, by might or malice wee
Could neuer liue, like Fortune for to gaine,
Or if on foes, we once reuenged bee:
If that our ennemies fall, we chaunce to see,
Then we ioy we lift our selues to skye,
And on the poore, we crucifige crye.

I deemde if once, I might put her adowne:
The kingdomes all, were Conidags and mine,
And I could easily after winne the crowne:
If also I, his state might vnder mine.
I thought in deede to haue it all in fine,
By force, or fraude I ment my purpose bying
To passe, I might be after Britayne king.

To speake in fewe, we waged warre so long,
Gainst hir, at last we put hir vnto flight,
Wee Nephewes for our Aunt were farre to strong,
Pursude and toke, depriu'de her of hir right.
Wee thought it ours what so we wanne by might,
Eke so play tyraunts, traytours all do watch,
To get by spoyle, and count their own they catch.

Not so

Not so contented were we with the pray,
 But fearing lest she should recover ayde:
 I sent in hast to pryson her away,
 And all recourse of messengers denyde.
 Thus when she sawe hir Patience decayde,
 And that hir griefes and sorowes daily grew,
 In pryson at the length hir selfe she slew.

O captife vile should I constrainde a Queene
 That Iustice ment, hir kingdome to forsake,
 May traytour I, as nowe by pfoofe is seene
 That would my self by bloudshed ruler make.
 Howe could reuenge on me but vengeaunce take,
 Before the seate of God, hir bloud did call:
 For vengeaunce, and at length procure my fall.

Lo here Gods iustice, see my treason see:
 Beholde, and see to raigne was my delight,
 And marke, and make a myrrour here of mee,
 Which afterward was seru'd by iustice right.
 Wee wan the crowne, betweene vs both in fight:
 And then because I was the elder sonne,
 Of th'elder Queene I claimed all we wonne.

So were my dealings nought, in peace and warre.
 But for my force, and fortunes blos in fight,
 I past that time the Britaynes all by farre.
 I was of person fortitude and might,
 Both comely, tall, strong, seemely eke in fight,
 Whereby I wonne mens fauour, glory, wealth:
 And puffed with pride, at length forgate my selfe.

I sayde

The Tragedye

I said it was my right, the crowne to haue,
But Conidagus stoutly it denide:
Wherefore I went to VVales my right to craue,
With all mine army and to haue it cryde.
Where long we fought it stoutly on eche syde,
Till at the last vnto my wofull paine:
I was depriu'de of kingdome quite, and slaine.

And for to keepe in memory for aye,
That there vnfaithfull Morgan lost his life,
The place is cald Glamorgan to this daye.
There was I perst to death with fatall knife,
There was the ende of all my hatefull strife:
So Morgan where he thought to winne the crowne,
Was at Glamorgan traytour stricken downe.

Thus maist thou tell, how proude ambition proues,
What hap haue tyraunts, what we traitours haue:
What ende he hath, that cruell dealing loues:
What subjects get the Diademe do craue,
Tis better then to winne: thine owne to saue,
For so oerthwartly trade of Fortune goes:
When win thou wouldest, then art thou sure to lose.

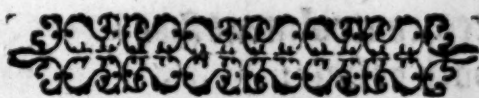
FINIS.

The



WItth that Morgānus quickly past away,
 The night me thought likewise was far epast
 VWhereby it weried me so long to staye,
 But Morpheus bad me bide and see the last,
 " (q he) the stories passe awaye as fast,
 " As doth the tyme, and sith th'art nigh th'ende:
 " Thou nedste not grutche, so short a space to spend.

And turning then, him selfe from measyde:
 He calde the next which therewithall in fight,
 Appeard and all his brestewith bloud bedide,
 VWhat chaunce (q I) hath so thy corps bedight,
 Thou worthy prince, or what mishaps of fight?
 " I will (q he) with all my hart vnfolde
 " My fatall fall, and therewithall he tolde.



3 Forrex declares howe hee
 minding to kill his brother which ruled
 with him (that he might therby raigne a-
 lone) was by him slain. About the yeare
 before Christe. 491.

PRide moues the minde, of stately wightes
 Such hauty hartes to haue,
 And causeth vs for glozy wayne,
 That is not ours to craue.

The Tragœdie.

Pyde pluckes out reason forth hir place,
And planted will in steede:
She puffes our mindes with bayne desires,
Our fancies sonde to feede.

Wherby we growe so obstinate,
And so ambitious ill:
That vs at length our brauery bids,
In all things vse our will.

Ambition thynkes that lawefull is,
Which likes hir fancie best:
And demes she ought to haue hir forth,
And swinge before the rest.

She loues no mates, controulment shee
And warning doth despise:
She demes her selfe in all hir deedes,
And actions wonders wise.

She hath desire of this and that,
To get by crouche or clawe:
By right or wrong she forceth not,
She vseth will for lawe.

No kinde, or countrey she regardes,
No mother, father shee:
No wyfe, or busbande, kiche or kin:
But enuies eche degree.

Forrex. Fol. 58

For if thy hart Ambition haue,
Thy greedy mynde to fill:
Thou wilt not sticke thy dearest frende,
Or nerest kin to kill.

But as the prouerbe sayes that Pryde,
Must needes at length haue fall:
Though we suppose of strength and powre,
We haue the deuill and all.

Euen so I saye Ambition makes,
Us often clime so hie:
At length we fall, we come to nought,
And drownde in darkenes lye.

This may I Forrex well auouch,
By prouise to true I finde:
Wherefore I praye thee with the rest,
Do put my faultes in mynde.

My father olde hight Gorboduge,
Raignde thre score yeares and thre:
And at his death gaue all his lande,
Twene Porrex proude and mee.

Fine yeares we helde it so in peace,
In reste we ruled well:
But at the last by pryde and wyath,
We soule at discoorde fell.

82.107 The Tragœdie.

We eache encrochte on others partes,
For rule we liu'de at strife:
And eache did seeke occasion aye,
To reauē the others life.

I made this counte I elder was,
By birch the realme was myne:
By warre, or wrong, or bloud I ment,
To haue it all in fine.

And he although he yonger were,
Esteemde his state so sure
As mine: and thought it his, if bee
By death might once procure.

My mother eke that lou'de me more,
Although he yonger was:
By diuers meanes did helpe me still,
To bring my seates to passe.

Wherby I thought my selfe so sure,
To haue my purpose sped,
As I requirde: if once I might,
Get of his crafty head.

See here what faich what friendship is,
What loue what fauour wee:
Do hewe to any might althie,
If once aloft we bee.

To fa.

To fathers, we are faithlesse ofte:
To brothers, butchers vile:
Of sisters small accounte we make,
And wedded wyues exile.

If any kithe, or kin, we haue,
By whom we vantage may:
We care not by what cruell meanes,
Their liues we take away.

But for to get the seate alone,
And for to wynde the crowne:
We care not whom, nor when, nor how:
So we may get them downe,

O brutish beasts! nay worse then those,
For they are still content:
With that they haue, what euer them
Hath God or Nature sent.

But we do gape, and gaze for glorie:
We pottle, and pottle, and pill,
And sweare, & stare, and strue, & fight,
And one another kill.

And all for pompe, and glorie great,
For name, renowne, & state:
Not caring of the commons crye,
Of Gods eternall hate.

The Tragoedye 110

If I had had, the giftes of grace,
I neuer would haue sought:
By any meanes such worldly trasse,
With brothers blood to bought.

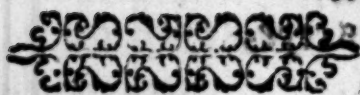
But as I ment even so I sped,
So bloudy butchers thye:
When moste I deemde my purpose sure,
He was to good for me.

For as I thought his blood to shed,
I compass was about,
So that for thousand kingdomes, I
Could not with life scape out.

He pearst my hart, what skilles it litch,
My minde was euen as bad:
For why what measure I him mente,
My selfe like measure had.

And so all such, as murder meane,
Intende, or treason vse:
Shall at the length, like ende attayne,
Or worse they cannot chuse.

FINIS.



The

The Authour. Fol. 60

When as king Forrex thus had tolde his tale,
Me thought he stayde no whit but went his way.
Then came a mangled corps as full of bale,
And or he nerer came made half a stay.
(¶ Morpheus) come for shame thou nedste not stay,
As bad as thou haue tolde their tales before,
And so must thou and diuers other more.

¶ Porrex recites howe for the
slaughter of his brother, he was slaine
by his owne mother and hir maydens, as
he laye sleeping: About the yeare
before Christe. 491.
(12)

From darke some dennes, where cruel Cayne, Genes. 4
And other like do lye:
Whose blondie blades were bathed in bloud,
Poore captiue thence come I.

Where Typhon is his brother slawe, Annus
Osiris in despite:
And where their sister Isis is,
Did him againe requite.

Where Dardanus to rule alone, Virgil.
His brother made away: in culi,
Ethocles, Polinices,
At once did others sle.

¶ III

where

The Tragœdie

Serui⁹. 3 Where Helenus king Priams son:
Aeneid. His brother Theon kilde.
Ouid in Medea in bloudy wyse:
Ibin. His brothers bloud that spilde.

Statius Where Tydeus is in hunting shote
His brother through the side
Polytes eke his brothers harte
With swoorde that opened wyde.

Herodo⁹. And where as that Cambyfes is,
tus. His sister once that slewe.
Gel.li. 4 And Polipontes king that made,
cap. 3. His brother treason rewe.

And cruell where Odores is,
Which mercy did deny:
To Mithridate his brother deare,
That did for pardon crie.

Herodo⁹. Eke where Learchus is that did,
tus. His brother like destroy:
With poyson deadly hoping so,
To make him selfe a Roy.

Ouid in And where that wretche Mamiertes lies,
Ibin. His brothers sonnes that spilte.
And Sisapho tormenting him,
For such an heynous gylte.

Where

of Porrex. Fol. 61

Where Rhesus and Caduidus are, Plutarch.
Which shaftes their brethren slewe, Laert.
And Philadelphus Ptolomæ, Volater.
His brothers death did betwe.

Where Philopater Ptolomæ, Volater.
His father made away:
And after that his brother with
His dearest frendes did slay.

And where Ardicius tyraunt bile, Plato. 10.
His aged father stroyde, derep.
And after that his elder brother
kingdomes to enioyde.

Where Michridates beastly king, Cælius.
Of Pontus feelles anoye:
Which mother his and brother eke,
Sixe children did destroye.

Where is Antiochus the great, Volater.
His brother brought to graue:
That he might onely raigne alone,
And all the kingdome haue.

Where Romulus that Remus slew, Liuius.
Of Romaines first had fall: Lucan.
Though louing brother first be were, Ouid.
Presumbe to scale the wall.

And

10. The Tragædie

Flores
Hustor. And where Mempricius leu'de both eyes
A Britayne Prince that slue,
His brother Manlius fearing lest,
He were to him untrue,

Salust. Where Iurgurtheke that basterde is,
His brethren brought to graue,
That after them Numidia
He might for kingdome haue,

And where a thousande are beside,
Which were so long to tell:
Their parentes deare and brethren slue,
And now in darkenes dwell.

From thence I came a Britayne poe,
Name Porrex once a king
Againe to shewe what vices mee,
To sodaine death did bring.

Now list a while and then do write,
What I thee tell: that others may,
Themselues in such attempts as these,
From bloudy acts, as brethren slay.

My brother Forrex five yeares space,
And I this kingdome helues
Betweene vs both the common weale,
We scace did wisely welde
At length

At length we fondly fell at strife,
So Princes bide no mate,
Nor make, nor partners, with to raigne,
But beare their equals hate.

The heire because I yongest was,
Thought his by right the crowne:
But I esteemde the halfe was mine,
And all if he were downe.

Whereby D brother, butcher eke,
Not brother I did slay:
My brother for to haue it all,
And get his right away.

Such are the acts of beedelesse yowthes,
Such are their studies still:
Which care not what offence they make,
So they their fancies fill.

But as it is vniustice, and
An haynous acte to vse:
Such murder, slaughter, parricide,
And iustice all refuse.

So Ioue the iust at length requites,
Our deedes: and makes vs rewee,
Wee ener were, to God, or man,
Or natures, bestes vntue.
For when

20. 10. The Tragædie

For when I deemde the crowne was mine:
Which had my brother slayne.
O grieve to tell my mother, and
Hir maydens wrought my payne.

Both for my fault, and for the lou'de,
My brother Forrex still:
With all hir maydes she came by night,
My sleeping corps to kill.

And I that slombzing sleeping lay,
Though many dreames fortolde,
My haplesse fall: could neuer wake,
The meaning to vnfolde.

But last supposing with my selfe,
I cruell Tigris sawe,
With rauening scarcenes, rent their yong:
Against dame Natures lawe.

She came on me to fill my dreame,
Before my eyes could wake,
And with a dagger rest my life:
For Forrex slaughters sake.

Virgil in Much like Agaue and his mates;
Culice. Shee and hir maydens got:
Them tooles therefore, and betwixt my coyle,
As small as fleshe to pot.

O Prog-

O^r Progne Queene hir chilozen slue,
and bewde their membez small:
In watbfull ire made Tereus feede,
and sl himselfe withall.

Ouid.6.
Metamor.

O^r like Medea monster Queene,
hir Iasons sonnes that kilde:
Because she was forsaken when,
his purpose was fulfild.

Virgil.8.
Aegl.

Like these was thee nay worse, for why,
This ended Brutus lyne:
Brought me to ende and hir to shame,
though first the fault were mine.

Bid those beware that weene to winne,
by bloudy acts the crowne:
Lest from the height they feeel the fall,
of toply turpe downe.

For if when they suppose themselves,
aloft to touch the skie,
There chaunce a storme there is no holde,
to stape themselves so hie.

But faster farre, more swifely they,
and with more swinge descende:
Then euer erst they could with all,
their force to cline contende:
Do bid them then in all their deedes,
marke well the small ende.

Finis.

The

The Authour.

NExt after Porrex came an other such,
Had all his body quite in peeces rent:
A desperate man, his life bewayling much,
VWhich for he seemed sorely to lament,
I was the rather him to heare content:
That I might also note his story here,
From like attempts of vices you to feare.

Kimarus shewes howe for his e-
uill life he was denoured by wyld
beastes, the yere before Christ

32 I.



No place commendes the man, but worthy prayse:
No title of estate, both staye by vices fall:
No wicked wight, to woe can make delayes:
No losly lookes preserues the proude at all:
No bragges or boaste, no stature high and tall:
No losly yout, no swearing, staring stoute:
No bzauery, banding, coggging, cutting out.

Then what auayles, to haue a princely place:
A name of honour, or an highe degree:
To come by kinred, of a noble race:
Except we princely, worthy, noble bee:
The fruite declares the goodnes of the tree.
Do bragge no more, of birth or linage than:
Sith vertue, grace, and maners make the man.

pp

My selfe might bragge and first of all begin,
 Mulmutius made and constituted lawes:
 And Belinus and Brenne his sonnes did win,
 Such prayse their names to be immortall cause.
 Gurgunstus Redbearde with his sober lawes,
 The sonne of Beline and my grandsyre grande:
 Was fortunate what ere he toke in hande.

His sonne my grandsyre Guintheline did passe,
 For vertues prayse, and Martia was his wyfe,
 A noble Queene that wyse and learned was,
 And gaue hir selfe to studie all hir life,
 Devising lawes, discusst the endes of strife,
 Among the Britaynes, to hir endles fame:
 Hir statutes had of Martian lawes the name.

My father eke was sober, sage and wise,
 Cicilius hight king Guintheline his sonne,
 Of noble Princes then my stocke did rise:
 And of a Prince of Cornwall first begonne,
 But what thereby of glozy haue I wonne?
 Can this suffice to aunswere eke for mee,
 I came by parentes of an highe degree?

O? shall I saye Kimarus I was king?
 Then might I liue as lewdely as I lust?
 No sure I cannot so auoyde the sting,
 Of shame that prickes such Princes are vnjust:
 We rather should vnto our vertues trust,
 For vertue of the auncient bloud and kin,
 Doth onely prayse the parties shees within.

And no=

The Tragœdye

And nobles onely bozne of this be sure,
Without the vertues of their noble race:
Do quite and cleane themselves thereby obscure,
And their renowne and dignities deface:
They do their birth and linage all abace:
For why in deede they euer ought so well,
In vertues graue, as titles bzaue excell.

But oft (God wot) they fare as erst did I,
They thincke if once they come of Princely Rocke:
Then are they placed safe, and sure so hye
Above the rest as founded on a rocke.
Of wise mens warnings all they make a mocker:
Their counsayles graue, as abiect reedes despise:
And count the bzaue, men gracious, worthy wise.

This kingdome came to me by due discent,
For why my father was before me king:
But I to pleasure all and lust was bent,
I neuer reekt of Iustice any thinge:
What purpose I did meane to passe to bring,
That same t'accomplishe I with all my might
Ende uorde euer, were it wzonge or right.

I deemde the greatest ioyes, in earthly hap:
I thought my pleasures euer would abide:
I seemde to sit, in Ladie Fortunes lap:
I reekt not all the world, me thought beside:
I did by lust my selfe, and others guide:
Whereby the fates to worke my bane withall,
And cut me of, thus wise pꝛocurde my fall.

As I

As I was alwayes bent to hunting still,
 (Yet hunting was no vice to those I had)
 When I thzee yeares had rulde this realme at will,
 In chace a chaunce did make my harte full sad:
 Wilde cruell beastes as desperate and mad,
 Turnde back on me, as I them bzought to baye:
 And in their rage, my sinfull corps did slep.

A iust rewarde, for so vnjust a life,
 No worse a death, then I deserued poze.
 Such wreckes in th'ende to wretches all are rise:
 Who may and will not call for grace before.
 My wilfull deedes wer nought, what wilt thou moze:
 My wanton wildnesse, witlesse, heedelesse toyes:
 By bzutishe beastes bereau'd me of my toyes.

FINIS.



The Authoure.


ON this Kimarus left me all alone,
 And so did Morpheus, then I thought to reſte:
 But yet againe he came preſenting one,
 For audience likewiſe making his requeſte,
 A worthy prince, he ware a warlike creſte:
 A blade in hande, he bloody ruſty bore,
 Vvas all his harnelle from his ſhoulders tore.

I


His

The Tragoedie.

His armes and handes were all embrued in bloud,
So was his breste, but all the rest beside,
Seemde rayde with matter vyle, or slimy mud,
VVith red and yelow as it were bedide:
You scarcely could the sight therof abide:
Yet sith he seemde some worthy wight to be,
It brought by farre lesse squemishnes to me.

 Morindus a bastarde, declares
howe hee was exalted to the king:
dome, waxed cruell, and at last was
deuoured by a monster, the
yeare before Christ.

303.

 Et me likewise declare my factes and fall:
And eke recite what meanes this slimy glere:
You neede not fayne so quainte a looke at all,
Although I seeme so fulsome euery where.
This blade in bloudy hand perdy I beare,
And all this gore be mingled with this glue:
In witness I my deadly enemy slewe.

Then marke my tale beware of rashnes bile,
I am Morindus once was Britayne king:
On whom did sweetely lady Fortune smile,
Till she me to hir top of towres did bring,
My fame both farre and nere she made to ring,
And eke my prayse exalted so to skye:
In all my time, more famous none then I.

Some

Some saye I was by birth, a bastarde bace:
 Begotten of the Prince his concubine.
 But what I was, declared well my grace:
 My fortitude, and stature princely mine:
 My father eke that came of princely line,
 King Danus gaue not so bace degree,
 Nor yet the noble Britaynes vnto mee.

For feates of armes, and warlike pointes I past:
 In courage stout, there liu'de not then my pere:
 I made them all, that knewe my name agasse,
 And heard how great my enterprises were,
 To shrink, and synke, and shifte aside for feare:
 All which at length, did me such glory bring,
 My father dead, the Britaynes made me king.

But see how blinde we are, when Fortune smiles,
 How senceles we, when dignities increas:
 We euer vse our selues discretely whyles
 We litle haue, and lone to liue in peace.
 Smale fauters factes, with mercy we release:
 We vse no rigoure, rancoure, rapine such:
 As after, when we haue our willes to much.

For while that I, a subiect was no king,
 Whyle I had nothing, but my factes alone:
 I studied still, in euery kinde of thing
 To serue my prince, and vnderfange his sone:
 To vse his subiectes frendly, euerich one:
 And for them all, aduentures such to take,
 As might them all my persone sauoure make.

I ii

But

The Tragœdie.

But when I once, attained had the crowne,
I waxed cruell, tyranous and fell:
I had no longer minde of my renowne:
I vsde my selfe to ill, the truthe to tell:
O bace degree in happy case full well!
Which art not puffed with pryde, vainglozy, hate:
But art beneath, content to hyde thy fate.

For I aloft, when once my heate was in:
Not rain'de by reason, ruled all by might:
Ne prudence rekte, right, strength, or meane a pyn:
But with my frendes, in anger all would fight:
I stroke, kilde, slewe who euer were in sight:
Without respect, remorse, repprouse, regarde,
And like a mad man, in my fury farde.

I deemed my might, and fortitude was such:
That I was able therby conquere all.
Highe kingdomes seate, encreast my pompe so much:
My pryde me thought, impossible to fall.
But God confoundes our proude deuices all,
And bynges that thing wherein we most do trust:
To our destruction, by his iudgement iust.

For when thre peares I ruled had this Isle,
Without all rule, as was my rulesse life:
The rumour ran abroade within a whyle,
And chiefly in the Norwest country ryse:
A monster came from Th'irish seas, brought grieve,
To all my subiectes in those coastes did dwell,
Deuouring man, and beaste a monster fell.

Which

Which when I knew for trougt I straight preparde
In warlike wyse my selfe to try the case:
My haste therto a courage bolde declarde,
For I alone would enter in the place.
At whom with with speare on horse I fetcht my race
But on his scales it enter could no moze:
Then might a bulrushe on a brasen doze.

Againe I prou'de, yet nought at all preuaillde,
To breake my speare, and not to pearce his side:
With that the roaring monster me assailde,
So terrifide my horse, I could not ride.
Wherwith I lighted and with sworde I tryde,
By strokes and thrustes to finde some open in:
But of my sight he neuer past a pin.

And when I weried was, and spent with fighte:
That kept my self with heede his daunger fro,
At last almost ashamde I wanted mighte,
And skill to worke the beastly monster wo,
I gate me nerer with my sworde him to,
And thought his flankes or vnderpartes to wounde:
If there from scales, might any place be founde,

But frustrate of my purpose, finding none,
And eke within his daunger entred quite:
The grizely beast, straight seasoned me vpon,
And let his calauntes, on my corps to light,
He gript my shoulders, not resiste I might:
And roaring with a greedy rauening looke,
At once in iawes, my body whole he tooke.

I th

I way

The Tragædie

The way was large, and downe he drew me in:
A monstrous paunche for rowmth & wondrous wide,
But for I felte more softer there the skinne,
At once I drew, a dagger by my side:
I knew my life, no longer could abide:
For rammish stench, bloud, poyson, stymy glere:
That in his body, so abountaunt were.

Wherefore I labouring to procure his death,
While first my dagger digde about his harte:
His force to caste me, welnie drew my brette,
But as he felt within, his woundes to smarte:
I toyde to feele the mighty monster starte,
That roarde, & belcht, & groande, & plungde & cride,
And tosse me vp and downe, from side to side.

Long so in panges he plungde, and panting lay
And drew his wynde, so faste with such a powre:
That quite and cleane he drew my breath away,
We both were dead well nighe within an howre.
Lo thus one beastly monster did deuoure,
An other monster moodelesse to his payne:
At once the realme was rid, of monsters twayne.

Here maist thou see of fortitude the hap,
Where Prudence, Justice, Temperance hath no place:
How sodainly we taken are in trap,
When we despise good vertues to embrace.
Intemperaunce doth all our deedes deface,
And lettes vs heedlesse headlong run so faste,
Wee seeke our owne destruction at the laste.

For he

For he that hath of fortitude and might,
 And thereto hath a kingdome ioynde withall:
 Except he also guyde him selfe aright,
 His powre and strength preuaileth him but small.
 He cannot scape at length an haplesse fall,
 O! Gods reuenge, example take by mee:
 And let my death sufficient warning bee.

FINIS.



The Authore

The Authoure.

I Could not thus departe to take my reste,
 For Morpheus bad me byde and heare the last.
 (For he) behinde as yet, is one the beste:
 " Do stay a while, giue care till he be past,
 " And therewithall approtched one full fast,
 The worthiest wight I euer erste did see:
 These wordes he spake, or like it seemed mee.

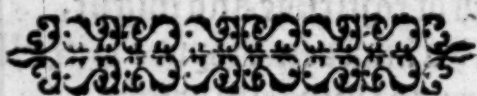


lig

Nennius

*John wilson
 his Booke
 sold at
 1m 2s
 1m 2s*

The Tragœdie



Nennius a worthy Britayne, the
very paterne of a valiaunt, noble, and faithfull sub-
iecte encountering with Iulius Cæsar at his firste comming
into this Islande, was by him death wounded, yet nathelasse
he gate Cæsars swoorde: put him to flight: slewe therewith
Labienus a Tribune of the Romaines, endured fight til his
countray men wan the battayle, died fiftene dayes after.

And nowe encourageth all good subiectes to de-
fende their countray from the powre of fo-
raine and vsurping enemies. About
the yeare before Christe. 52.

May by right some later wynters blame,
Of stories olde, as rude or negligent:
Or els I may them well vblearned name,
Or beedelesse, in those thinges about they went:
Some time on mee, as well they might haue spent:
As on such traytcours, cypauntes, harlottes those,
Which to their countreyes, were the deadliest foes.

Ne for my selfe, I would not this recite,
Although I haue occasion good therto,
But sure me thinkes, it is to great despise,
These men to others and their countries do.
For there are Britaynes neither one or two,
Whose names in stories scarcely once appeare:
And yet their liues, examples worthy were.

Tis woꝛthy praise (I graunt) to write the endes
 Of vicious men, and teach the like beware:
 For what hath of vertue that commends,
 Such persones lewde, as nought of vertues care:
 But for to leaue out those prayse woꝛthy are,
 Is like as if a man had not the skill,
 To prayse the good but discommend the ill.

I craue no prayse, although my selfe deseru'de,
 As great a laude as any Britayne poze:
 But I would haue it tolde how well I seru'de,
 By Prince and countrey, saith to both I boze:
 All noble hartes, hereby with courage moze:
 May both their foꝛaine foes in fight withstande,
 And of their ennies haue the vpper hande.

Againe, to shewe how valiaunt then we were,
 (You Britaynes good) to moue your harts therby,
 All other nations lesse in fight to feare,
 And for your countrey rather so to dye
 With valiaunt hauty courage as did I:
 Then, liue in bondage, seruice, slavery, thꝛall
 Of foꝛaine powꝛes, which hate your manhode all.

Do giue me leaue to speake but euen a while:
 And marke, and wyte this story I thee tell.
 By North from London, moze then fiftie myle:
 There lies the Isle, of Ely knowne full well:
 Wherein my father built a place to dwell,
 And for because he liked well the same:
 He gaue the place be Ely bight, his name.

Tis namde

The Tragœdye

It is namde the Isle of Ely yet perdy,
My father namde it so, yet wyters misse.
O? if I may be bolde to saye: they lye
Of him, which tell that farre vnt ruth like is.
What truth (I pray you) seemes to be in this?
Hee Ely lou'de, a goodly place built there:
Hos it delited, raignde not full a yere.

Lanquet
Stowe.
Grafton
Flores
Histor.

He raigned fourty yeaers as other tell,
Which seemes as tis a tale more true by farre:
By iustice guided he his subiects well,
And liu'de in peace without the bzoples of warre.
His childzens noble actes in stozies are.
In vulgare tongue: but nought is said of mee,
And yet I worthy was, the yongste of thre.

His eldest sonne and heire was after king,
A noble Prince and he was named Lud:
Full pollicicke and wyle in euery thing,
And one that wuld his country alwayes good.
Such bles, customes, statutes he withstoode,
As seemde to bzing the publique weales decaye:
And them abolisht, bzake, repealde awaye.

So be the walles of Troy the new reneude,
Enlargde them made, with fourty towres about,
And at the West side of the wall he bewde
A place, for gates to keepe the ennies out:
There made he prisons for the pooze bankrout,
Namde Ludgate yet for free men debtors, free
From hurt, till with their creditours they gree.

Some saye

Some saye the Citie also tooke the name
Of Lud my brother: for he it reparde,
And I must needes as true confesse the same:
For why that time no cost on it he sparde.
He still encreast and peopled every warde:
And had them aye Kaer lud the citie call,
O Ludstone, now you name it London all.

At length he dyed, his children vnder age.
The elder named was Androgeus,
Committing both vnto my brothers charge:
The yonger of them hight Tennancius.
The Britaynes wanting aged rulers thus,
Chose for that time Cassibellane their king,
My brother Iustice ment in every thing.

The Romaine then the mighty Caesar sought,
Against the Galles and conquerde them by might,
Which don: he stode on shores where see he mought
The Ocean seas, and Britayne cleues full bright.
(Quoth he) what Region lies there in my sight,
Wee thinke some Islande in the seas I see:
Not yet subdued, nor vanquishd yet by mee?

With that they tolde him, wee the Britaynes were:
A people stoute, and scarce in feates of warre.
(Quoth he) the Romaines neuer yet with feare,
Of Nation rude, was daunted of so farre:
Wee therfore minde, to proue them what they are.
And therewithall, the letters hither sent,
By those Embassage brought, and thus they went.

C. Iulius

The Tragœdye
C. Iulius Cæsar Dict. of Rome
to Cassibellane king of Britayne
sendeth greeting.

cc Sith that the Gods haue giuen vs all the West,
cc As subiects to our Romaine Empire hie:
cc By warre, or as it seemed loue the best,
cc Of whom we Romaynes came and chiefly I,

cc Therefore to you which in the Ocean dwell,
cc As yet not vnderneath subiection due:
cc Wee sende our letters greeting, wete ye well,
cc In warlike cases, thus we deale with you.

cc First that you as the other Regions paye,
cc As tribute yearely, Romaynes we require:
cc Then that you will with all the force you may,
cc Withstand our foes, as yours with sword and fire.

cc And thirdly that by these, you pledges sende,
cc To assure the couenants once agreed by you.
cc So with your daunger lesse, our warres may end:
cc Els bidd we warre, Cassibelane Adieu.

Caesar.

No sooner were these Cæsars letters seene,
But straight the king for all his nobles sent:
He shewd them what their auncestours had bene,
And prayde them tell in this their whole intent.
He told them where about the Romaynes went,
And what

And what subiection was, how seruile they
Should bee, if Cæsar bare their pompe away.

And all the Britaynes euen as set on fyre,
(My selfe not least enflamed was to fight)
Did humbly him in ioyfull wyse require:
That he his letters would to Cæsar wryte,
And tell him playne wee past not of his spite.
Wee past at litle, of the Romaines wee,
And lesse: then they of vs, if lesse might bee.

Wherefore the ioyfull king againe replide,
Through counsaile wise of all the nobles had,
By letters he the Romaines bestes denyde:
Which made the Britaynes hauty harts full glad,
No doubt the Romaines moze then half were mad,
To heare his letters wrytten, thus they went:
Which he againe to mighty Cæsar sent.

Cassibellane king of Brit.

to C. Iulius Cæsar Dictat.
sendeth aunswere.

“ AS thou O Cæsar wistste the Gods haue giuen to thee,
“ The West: so I reply, they gaue this Islande mee.
“ Thou sayst you Romaines, and thy selfe of Gods discende:
“ And darst thou then, to spoyle our Troyan bloud pretende?
“ Againe, though Gods haue giu’ne, thee al the world as thine:
“ Thats parted from the world, thou getst no lande of mine.
“ And sith likewyse of Gods we came, a Nation free:
“ Wee owe no tribute, ayde, or pledge to Rome or thee.

To saue

17. The Tragœdie

- cc Retract thy will, or wadge thy warre as likes the best;
- cc Wee are to fight, and rather then to friendship prest.
- cc To saue our country, from the force of foraine strife:
- cc Eche Britayne here, is well content to venter life.
- cc We feare not of the ende, or daungers thou dost tell:
- cc But vse thy pleasure if thou mayste, thus fare thou well.

Cassib.

When Cæsar had receau'de his aunswere so,
It vext him much: he fully straight decreed,
To wage vs warre, and worke vs Britaynes woe:
Therfoze he hastned hitherwarde with speede,
We Britaynes eke, preparde our selues with heede,
To meete the Romaines all in warlike wise:
With all the force, and speede we might deuise.

Wee Britaynes then farre deeme'de it meeter much,
To meete him first at th'entry on this lande:
Then for to giue an entry here to such,
Nigh with our victuals here our selues withstand.
Tis better far thy enemy to abande,
Quite from thy borders to a straunger soyle:
Then be at home, thee and thy country spoyle.

Wherefoze we met him, at his entry in,
And pitche our camps directly in his way:
Wee minded sure to leese or els to winne
The prayse, befoze wee past from thence away.
So when that both the armies were in ray,
And trumpets blaste on euery side was blowne:
Our mindes to eicher eche, were quickly knowne.

Wee.

Wee ioynd battaile, fiercely both we fought:
The Romaynes to enlarge their Empires fame,
And wee with all the force and might we mought,
To saue our country, and to keepe our name.
O worthy Britaynes learne to doe the same,
Wee bzake the rapes of all the Romaine host:
And made the mighty Caesar leaue his boast.

Yet he the worthiest Captaine euer was,
Brought all in ray, and fought againe a newe:
His skilfull souldiours he could bring to passe,
At once for why his traynings all they knewe.
No soner I his noble corps did bewe,
But in I bzake amongst the Captaines bande,
And there I fought with Caesar hand to hande.

O God thou mightest haue giuen a Britaine grace,
Thaue slaine the Romaine Caesar noble then:
Which fought his blond the Britaynes to deface,
And bring in bondage, balaunt worthy men.
He neuer should haue gone to Rome agen,
To fight with Pompey, or his Peres to slaye,
Or els to bring his country in decaye.

It ioyde my hart to strike on Caesars crest,
O Caesar that there had ben none but wee:
I often made my sworde to trie thy brest,
But Lady Fortune did not looke on mee.
I able was mee thought with Caesars chere,
To trie the case: I made thy hart to quake,
When on thy crest with mighty strokes I strake.
The stro-

57. The Tragoedie

The strokes thou strokst me, hurt me nought at al:
For why thy strength was nothing in respect,
But thou hadste bathed thy sword in popson all:
Which did my wounde, not deadly els infect.
Yet was I or I parted thence bewreckte,
I gate thy sword from thee for all thy fame:
And made thee flye, for feare to eate the same.

For when thy sword was in my Target fast,
I made thee flye, and quickly leaue thy holde:
Thou neuer wast in all thy life so gaste,
Nor durst againe be euer halfe so bold.
I made a number Romaines harts full colde,
Fight, fight, you noble Britaynes nowe (¶ I)
Woe neuer all will vnreuenged die.

What Caesar though thy praise and mine be odd:
Perdy the stories scarce remember mee:
Though Poets all of thee do make a God,
Such simple fooles in making Gods they bee.
Yet if I might my case haue tride with thee,
Thou neuer hadst retourned to Rome againe:
Nor of thy faithfull frendes, bin beastly slayne.

A number Britaynes mightst thou ther haue seene,
Death wofulde fight, and spoyle their spiteful foes:
My selfe maynde, slewe and mangled in I weene,
When I was hurt then twenty more of those.
I made the Romaines harts to take these blows:
In all the campe no Romaine scarce I spyde,
Durst halfe a combat gainst a Britayne dyde.

At lenger

At lengthe I met a noble man they' calde
Him Labienus, one of Cæsars frendes,
A Tribune erſte had many Britaynes thralde:
Was one of Cæsars legates ſoꝛth he ſendes,
Well met (q I) I mynde to make thee mendes,
Foꝛ all thy frendſhip to our countrey crewe:
And ſo wityh Cæsars ſwoꝛde, his frende I ſlewe.

What neede I name you euery Britayne here,
As firſt the king the nobles all beſide:
Full ſtoute and woꝛthy wightes in warre that were,
As euer erſte the ſtately Romaines tryde.
Wee fought ſo long they durſt no longer byde,
Proude Cæſar he foꝛ all his bzaggies and boſte:
Flew back to ſhippes, wityh half his ſcattered hoſte.

If he had bene a God' as ſottes him namde,
He could not of vs Britaynes taken ſoyl:
The Monarche Cæſar might haue bene aſhamde,
From ſuch an Iſlande wityh his ſhippes recople,
Oꝛ elſe to flye and leave behinde the ſpoyle:
But liſe is ſwete, he thought it better flye,
Then byde amongſt vs Britaynes ſoꝛ to die.

I had his ſwoꝛde, was namde Crocea mors,
Wityh witych he gaue me in the head a ſtroke,
The venime of the witych had ſuch a foꝛce,
It able was to perce the harte of oke:
No medicines might the popſon out reuoke,
Wberfoze though ſcarce he perced had the ſkin:
In ſiftene dayes my bzaynes it ranchled in.

The Tragœdie

And then to soone (alas therfore) I dyde,
I would to God he had retourned againe:
So that I might but once the bastard spyde,
Before he went I had the serpent slaine.
He playde the cowarde cuttchote all to playne,
A beastly serpentes harte that beaste detectes:
Which of he fight, his sworde with hane infectes.

Well then my death, brought Cæsar no renowne:
For both I gate therby, eternall fame,
And eke his sworde to strike his frendes a downe:
I slewe therewith his Labiene by name,
With prince, against my countrey soes I came:
Was wounded, yet did neuer fainte nor yelde:
Till Cæsar with his souldiours fled the feld.

Who would not venter life in such a case?
Who would not fight, at countreis whole request?
Who would not meeting Cæsar in the place,
Fight for life, prince and countrey with the best?
The greatest courage is by factes expresse.
Then for thy prince with fortitude as I,
And realmes behole: is prayse, to live or dy.

Now wyte my life when thou hast leisure and,
Will all thy countrey men to learne by mee,
Both for their prince and for their native lande:
As valiaunte, bolde and fearelesse for to bee.
A paterne playne of fortitude they see,
To which directly if them selues they frame:
They shall preserve, their countrey, faith and fame.

VWhen

When noble Nennius thus had ended talke,
He vanisht with so sweete an heavenly smell:
Me seemde the graces all with him did walke,
And what I heard of Musicke did excell,
Like notes of Instruments no tongue can tell,
VVith harmonie, of such an heavenly noyes;
Me seemde they passed all our earthly ioyes.

Their tunes declare the battaile all so right,
As if the Britaynes and the Romaines than,
Had presently in hearing and in sight:
A freshe the bloody battaile all began.
Me thought I heard the vertues of the man,
By notes declare, and Cæsars daungers tolde:
More plainly, then with eyes I might beholde.

But when they came to tell of Cæsars flight,
I sawe the Romaines fall me thought full fast,
And all the Britaynes, chace them euen till night:
VVherwith the sounde of Britishe trumpets blast,
Made me so madde and mazed at the last:
I loekt about for sword or weapon I,
To runne with Britaines, cride they flie they flie.

Their flight to shippes, and foyle the trumpets sound
And blewe the victours triumphes at retourne:
The noyse well nigh my senses did confound,
And made my hart with all their loues to borne.
But when they gan the wounded Britaynes mourne.
VVith doubled wayling shricks, such cries they sent
And sobbes and sighes, wel nigh my hart they rent.

The Authour.

Eke chiefly they at noble Nennius stayde,
They seemde with dolefull tunes their notes to riue,
And sodainly his prayse againe they playde:
O worthy Nennius for thy facts aliue,
The trumpe of Fame was straightly chargde reuiue,
And keepe, maintaine and celebrate his praise:
VVhich graunted, al they vanisht quite their ways.

On this in traunce I lay me thought a while,
And musde reioysing what a wight he was:
A worthy knight that for this noble Isle,
So fought it forth, a Mirroire playne, a glasse
(For those aliue) whose vertues so did passe:
As for his factes, fight, fortitude, and fame:
Hee well deseru'de, an euerlasting name.

At such a time and place is vertue tryde,
VVhen māhode may, both prince and cōuntry please:
By such a brunt, the valiaunt will abide,
And bend their force to worke their countries ease,
They thinke no trauayle losse, by lande, or sease:
But venture fortune, goodes, life, landes and heale:
To fight it out, for Prince, and publique weale.

You that haue herd, or read the worthy factes,
Of Nennius here (so rudely pende by mee)
Learne so to fight, and let your noble actes
By those that after come, recounted bee.
I may full well reioyce, he spake to mee:
For if I had not stayde, to heare him then:
I thinke he scarce had come, to speake agen.

But

But let me nowe, retourne againe to tell:
 VVhat after this, me channst to see and heare,
 I trust yee Readers like my dealing well:
 In promise that I made, this later yeare,
 For sure I thinke, a man farre better were
 Not speake at all: to promise hilles of gold,
 And in performance, waxe as key full colde,

I saide (if God sent time, and space therfore)
 Ye should receaue from mee (as ley sure came)
 Of these my simple toyles, a greater store.
 And partly you perceaue, how I performe the same.
 Such workes, as this my simple muse can frame,
 (VVith all my harte and minde, you freely haue:
 As free, as God these giftes, me frely gaue,

VVherefore giue eare, now harken well to this:
 As to these tunes, I gaue me thought some heede:
 In doubt if sences, led my mynde amisse,
 Or whether *ωαδος* me with toyes did feede.
 VVhat doth (saide Morphe⁹) now this musing nede?
 Art thou so farr eore watcht, thy wittes the fayle?
 Or els do fancies, more then wit preuaile?

Not so (q I) though far the night be past,
 And yet me thinkes, I could be well content
 To leaue them so (if this were now the last)
 So thou therto and Somnus sweete consent:
 This noble Nennius well the time hath spent.
 I would haue staide, if he had spoken more:
 Twas his departure, troubled me so fore.

The Authour.

(Quoth he) thou must a while yet longer byde:
In fewe he shall declare, how he hath sped
That commes. And euen with that I lookt aside,
And sawe a coarse approache without a head.
VVhat now (q I) though erste (by thee) the dead
VVere causde to speake, declaring all their will?
Yet speach of headlesse men, doth passe my skill.

VVith that gan Morphe^e touch him with his mace,
And sodainly an head, on shoulders pight.
For lacke of vse, he could not turne his face,
Or else had Morpheus scarcely set it right.
He had forgotten eke, to turne his sight:
But still he stode his face to set awrye,
And wappering turnid vp his white of eye.

As t'were a dead man, reared vp an end
Deuoyde of life, and yet a feeling had:
His lippes lay open, grimly ofte, hee grend:
VVith hollowe eyes, full oft he frowned sad,
And bent his browes, and lookte as he were mad,
I sawe not in my life, I thinke his pere:
Nor shall not, if I liue this hundred yeare.

At length he tryde, which way to tell his myrde:
Yet how to speake, his tonge had quite forgotte
Each instrument forgotten had his kinde:
That erste could run at randon and by roate
But then me thought, with fist his brest hee smote
The other hande, his musing browes did holde:
And as awakte (at laste) this tale he tolde.

Irenglas

Irenglas Nephewe to Cassibellan
king of Britayne, recountes how he was
slayne by Elenine cosen to Androgeus Earle
of London, about the yeare before
Christ, 51.

Amongst the rest, that whilome fate aloft:
Amongst the rest, that once had happy chaunce:
Amongst the rest, that had good fortune oft:
Amongst the rest, that could them selues aduance:
Amongst the rest, that led in warres the stauce,
And wan the palme, the prayse, renowne and fame,
(Yet after fell in prouise to trie the same)
Leaue in thy booke, a place to put my name.

Which (Higgins) if thou shalt, and wyte therein
This tale I tell: no doubt thou shalt me please,
Thy selfe likewise therby, mayste profit wynn:
For why who wytes such histories as these,
Doth often bring the Reader hartes such ease:
As when they sit, and see what he doth note,
And lessons learne, to saue their armour coate:
Well fare his harte (say they) this worke that wrote.

Perhaps thou aunswere wilt, and eke confesse,
They may in deede giue thanks and that is all:
They can (sayst thou) I thinke giue scarcely lesse:
For such a gift, a guerdon far too small:
Well yet do wyte, content thy selfe withall:
Thou must the ende that God appointes abyde:
Though they ingratefull be, of reason wyde:
Thou must not therefore, this thy talent hyde.

Thus

The Tragœdie

Thys I obieete not that I thinke it so,
But if it erst, haue chaunced so to hit:
Thou shouldest not therefore let these stozies goe,
Which may perhaps so exercise thy wit,
And may so frame thy phrases fine and fit:
Though now no other gift, then thanks thou haue:
Yet shall thy verses line, thy name to saue,
And spread thy prayse, when thou art layde in graue.

But sure I thinke, among so great a sorte,
As shall thy workes and writings chaunce to see:
Of courtzy all, thou canst not finde them short:
But som must needes consider well of thee.
Though some do pinche, and saue: to thine, and thie,
And some do poll and pill to get the pelfe:
And some haue layde by all on lesing selfe:
Yet some will, well consider of thy selfe.

I had almost slept in, with thee so far:
To byd the wyte, and register my name:
(Because I feard, of late the Romaine warre
Thou wroest: had ended all thy former frame,
And I had bene, excluded from the same)
That nowe I feare, I weary thee with talke,
While from my purpose, far aloofe I walke:
In steede of chcese, to fill thy chaps with chalke.

Wherefore I will be bryefe, and tell thee all
My minde: the cause why I do now appere,
I will recite to thee my sodaine fall,
And what in life mine exercises were:
To which since I do see thee set thine eare,
Marke now my tale, and beare it well away:
Marke what me brought, so sodayne in decay:
And marke of lussy life, thy vnstable staye.

Let

Let who so standes trust to a stebfast holde,
 (If he suppose, he may a stedy finde)
 And then he neede not stagger when he nolde:
 As I and others calde againe to minde
 But trust not Fortune, she is counted blinde
 To prayse hir pranks, occasion giues no cause,
 Do wysely oꝝ you prayse hir, take the pause:
 Else may you proue, your selues at lēgth but dawes.

Som loue to boaste what Fortune they haue had:
 Som other blame, misfortune thers as fast:
 Som tell of Fortunes, there be good and bad:
 Som fooles of Fortune make them selues agast:
 Som shewe of Fortunes comming, present, past:
 And say there is a fate that ruleth all.
 But sure it seemes their wisdome is but small:
 To talke so much, of lady Fortunes ball.

No Fortune is so bad, our selues ne frame:
 There is no chaunce at all hath vs preferu'de:
 There is no fate, whom we haue nede to blame:
 There is no destinie, but is deseru'de:
 No lucke that leaues vs safe, oꝝ vnpreferu'de:
 Let vs not then complayne of Fortunes skill:
 For all our good, descendes from goddes good will,
 And of our lewdnes, springeth all our ill.

If so a man might stay on Fortunes holde,
 Oꝝ else on Prince, as pillar of defence:
 Then might my self to done the same be bolde
 In euery perill, purpose oꝝ pretence.
 Casibelan as much as any Prince
 Lou'de me his nephewe Irenglas by name,
 Both for my feates in armes, and fauour, same:
 And for because I of his linage came.

I came

77.104 The Tragœdye

I came (by parentes) of his regall race
 Liu'de happy dayes (if happy mortall bee)
 Had (as I sayd) his fauoure, bare the grace:
 I was his loyall nephew franke and free:
 But what of this at all preuayled mee?
 Yet furdere more the feates of armes I knewe:
 I faught in fielde, when mighty Cæsar flewe,
 And of the Romaynes came, my part I flewe.

Shall I for this, prayse Fortune, ought at all?
 Did Fortune ought in this? no no be sure:
 O, shall I blame hit after for my fall?
 That neuer could, me any hurt procure:
 'Twas glozy bayne, did sweetely me allure,
 Wherefore giue eare, and then with penne disclose,
 A tale which (though but rudely I dispose)
 Who reades and heares it, both may pleasure those.

Full happy were, our countrey men that dyde,
 And noble Nennius in the field we faught:
 When first both Britaynes and the Romaynes tride,
 With dint of sworde if tittle theys were ought,
 They died, in their defence: no pompe they sought,
 They liu'de to see, their countrey conquere still:
 They died befoze, they felt of priuate ill:
 And bare each other, all their liues goodwill.

When Cæsar so, with shamefull flight recoplde,
 And left our Britayne land buconquerde first
 (Which only thought, our realme & vs, r'ane spoilde)
 We came to see (of all our fielde the worst)
 Our souldiers slayne. O cruell Cæsar curste
 (Quoth we) should all these gillies Britaynes dye,
 For thine ambition, spe O Cæsar spe.
 Yet darst not dyde, but like a bastard flye.

But

But then too see them in aray to lye,
 And for to see them wounded all besoye:
 Not one but in his place his life did trie.
 To see the Romaines bloudy backes that boye:
 In field, flight, dead and scatered on the shoye:
 What thousand tonges (thinke you) could tel our ioy?
 This made our hartes reuiue, this pleasoe our Roy:
 And we lesse fearde, our ennies all anoye.

With trompets mourning tune, and wayling cryes,
 And drummes, & fluites, & shawmes: we sound A dieu,
 And for our frendes we watred al our weeping eyes,
 As loth to leese the lines of such a noble crue.
 To th'earth we bare them all in order due:
 Accordyng vnto each mans noble fame,
 And as their birth requirde and worchy name:
 Euen so to honour them, with herce we came.

Of noble triumphes after was no spare,
 The Britaynes erst, were neuer halfe so glab:
 That so we mad, the Romaines hence to fare:
 No tonge can tell the hartly ioyes we had.
 We were therewith so merry moodid mad:
 Our fingers tickled still, that came from sight:
 We had besoye our eyes, our ennies flighte,
 And nought was seemely there, but swozdes in sight.

So fares it when the meaner giue the spoyle,
 And make the mighty all their force reuoke:
 So fares it when great victours fele the foyle,
 And meaner soytes of counte, do giue the stroke
 That pearce the euen the hardest harte of oke:
 For where the weaker wynn the wadge of fame,
 And stronger leese, their wonted noble name:
 The victours hartes, a thousand ioyes enflame.

A Justing

The Tragœdye

A Jutting then proclaimed was for those,
(And turneys would approach them selues to trie:
Amongst vs Britayns (not against our foes)
Twene th' Earle of Londons cosen stoute and I,
And both the partes, we both could make perdy:
To win the price, the prayse the pompe consent,
And eke the fame of former warres we ment:
But foolishhe was the end of our intent.

For why, when glozy bayne, stirres men to strife:
When hope of prayse, prouokes them once to Ire:
Then they at all regarde no goodes nor life,
From faithfull frendship, rudely they retyze:
They are so set, with glories gloze on fyre:
That quite, they rule and reason wrest awyre,
They turne away, their frendly fawcing eyes:
And others each, as fixed foes desie.

O God that workest all the wonders wrought,
(And hast the powze to turne the hartes alyne)
Graunt grace to those, that labour so for nought,
But flitting fame, and titles hauty styue.
Let not ambition, so the earth depprue
Of worthy wightes: giue them som better grace,
That they may run, for contryes weale their race,
And not their bloud, w bzainsicke bzaules debace.

Let them not breake the bond of frendly loue
In byples of bate: but frendly, faulter redreffe:
Let not them so their manhod seeke to proue,
By priuate hate, to worke their owne distresse:
So shall they nede their enemies feare the lesse.
Perdy soule forayne foes, them selues they makes
That in their country, for bayne quarels sakes:
Do dare in hande, reuenging weapons take.

But

But what neede I on those aline to stape,
 They haue examples good, befoze their eyes:
 By which (if they haue grace) beware they may.
 The happiest men, by others harmes are wylse:
 Let them not then, our warning wordes despise,
 Do will them wylsely, of these thinges debate:
 For why the foolishhe, ay that warning hate
 Are neuer wylse, befoze it be to late.

Perhaps thou thinkst, to long a time I stape:
 (And from that I proposed erst digresse)
 Because that here (as it were by the way)
 For warnings sake, my conscience I professe.
 Yet for my bzeatch of compasse, blame me lesse
 In talke: sith that thou come to heare mee art,
 Which seeme (as wemen vse) to reame my harte:
 Befoze I come, to open all my smarte.

Wee spent the daye in iustling (as I sayde)
 Appoynted erst, among our selues befoze,
 And all the feates of armes (in fielde) we playde,
 A Enxas taught our auncestours of yore.
 What neede I fill thine eares with talking more:
 My men, and I had put those feates in vze:
 And he likewylse: but nothing yet so sure,
 Which did (at length) my haplesse ende procure:

For as with fortune still I gaue the foyle
 To him (that thought the glozy all to haue)
 When he perceau'de he could not keepe the coyle,
 Nor yet with equall match him selfe to saue.
 Occasion of disension great he gaue,
 In steede of iest, he offred earnest playe:
 In lieu of sport, he spilde did foule displaye:
 In steed of mirth, both malice and decaye.

The

27.10 The Tragœdie.

The traytour vile, the tyaunt (so he prou'de)
With cowardes, cankarde, hatefull, hasty, Tre:
And captifes dealing, shewde how he me lou'de,
When as he could not to his hope aspyre:
To wyn the prayse of triumphe his desire,
He callengde me, and here began the byrple:
He thought with banding bryue, to keepe the cople:
Or else with flattes, and sacfuges me to soyle.

And that because the iudgment fauourd me,
Perdy report almost of all the route,
Ran still that I, was worthy prayse to be,
And often times they gaue me all a shoute:
This made myne enemies stare and looke aboute,
And often wylhe them euill aloude that crydes
Such is the nature still of naughty pyrde,
Can nothing lesse, than others prayse abyde.

Woe twayne (q he) betweene our selues will trye
Alone our manhodes both if thou consent.
We ought not breake the pynce his peace (q I)
His grace would not be well therwith content.
And sith no hurt, was here nor malice mente:
You ought not so, on tholer take it ill,
Though I to wyn the pryce put forth my skill:
But rather therfore, beare me moze good will.

To which he aunswerd as despite had spoke,
With hasty wordes and tauntes of hygher pces.
I list not any iote (quoth he) reuoke,
Of that is sayd, ne darste thou for thine eares

(What euer looke in place thy fauters beares)
Alone to mete me in the field to scape.
But I may hap (by chaunce) to finde the day,
Wherein thou shalt, not beare the price away.

As for the king we doubt if he be heyre,
The kingdome is the Earle of Londons right,
And though that be the prince his person beare
(In his nonage) he ought not reue it quyte,
He shall he say mee if I mynde to fighte.
Then where thou speakest (of be) of princes peace,
And wouldest me warne, from furder dealing seace:
Thou better were (perhaps) to holde thy peace.

On which I playnly sayde, highe treason t'was:
So much to speake, against our soueraigne Lorde,
Quoth I, the boundes of modestie you passe:
That dare your case with prince his right accorde:
Your betters would far better wordes auorde,
And you perhaps your selfe so stoute that shewe
Which make as though you sought his ouerthrowe,
Shall shortly more his grace his pleasure knowe.

With that (of Elenine) for so bee hight,
That was the Erle his cosine and my foe:
Thy selfe a traytour rather seemest right,
That darste presume amongst thy betters so,
And euen with that I raught to him a blowe:
My frendes likewise, could not this wrong abyde,
They drew, and so did those on th' other syde:
We freshly fought, and other each desyre.

But

The Tragœdie.

But I was all the marke, wherat they shotte,
The malice still, was ment to none but mee:
At mee they cast, and dꝛewe mee for the lorte,
Which should of all reuenge the ransom bee:
Wherfoze they layde about them francke and free,
Till mee they tooke, so compass round about:
As I could not scape from amongst them out:
Was neuer knight, betrayde with such a route.

To make it short I singled was therfoze,
Euen as the deare to finde his fatall stroke:
I could not scape, away from them no moze:
My pageaunt was in pꝛesence there bespoken:
A pillowe they pꝛepared mee of oke:
My handes they bounde, along my corps they led,
From of my shoulders, quite they strooke my head,
And with my death, their cruell eyes they fed.

If euer man that seru'd his Prince with payne,
And well deserued of his publique weale:
If euer knight esteemde it greatest gayne:
For Prince, and countrey in the warres to deale,
My selfe was such, which ventred life and heale
At all assaies, to saue my native soyle:
(With all my labour, trauayle, payne and toyle)
Both from the force of foes, and foꝛayne spoyle.

Yet here you see, at home I had my fall,
Not by my fearcest foes, that came in warre:
But by my frende, I gate this griping thꝛall,
When soly framde, vs both at home to iarre.
Oh that my countrey man, should raunge so farre,
From wisdomes way, to wed hym self to will:
From reasons rule, to wꝛeste his wittes to ill:
From frendship fast, his dearest frend to kill.

Well

Well bid the rest, beware of triumphes such:
 Bid them beware for titles bayne to strue:
 Bid them not trust such sullayne frendes to much:
 Bid them not so, their honours high atchieue:
 For if they will, preserve their names alive:
 There is no better way, to worke the same:
 Then to eschue, of tyrannie the blame:
 Make clemency, deserues a noble name.

FINIS.



The Authour.

With that (me thought) he vanisht quite away:
 And I was come to end my worke at last:
 Not minding longer on the which to staye,
 My penne did trudge to wryte these verses fast.
 I trust sith once, they haue the Printer past
 That went before: these fragmentes come behinde,
 Shall of the Readers, likewyse fauour finde.

So of my first part here I make an ende,
 The Seconde parte which I haue now to fyle
 Doth call me hence, from these to those to wende:
 In which if God send grace to guyde my style,
 I shall (I trust) and that in shorter whyle,
 Againe retourne, to Printers presse with those:
VWhich shal likewise, their fight and falles disclose.

L

Till

The Authour.

Till then farewell a thousand times to thee,
VWhich takst in hand this booke to shun the ill,
That was the fall of these describde by mee,
And haste to mende their faultes a firme good will,
I wishe thy healt h, increase of vertu still,
Adieu farewell, I haue but this to say,
God send vs both his heauenly grace for aye.

I. Higgins.

